The Outlook

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The Outlook

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Closure in the Senate Unexpected public interest was given to the special session of the new Senate by the introduction of a resolution giving the majority of the Senate the power to limit debate. The resolution in question was introduced by Senator Platt, of Connecticut, one of the Republican leaders, and was at once antagonized by several Democratic Senators, who saw in it an effort to make the minority in the Senate as helpless to impede or even criticise the measures of the majority as it has already come to be in the House of Representatives. Senator Platt was presently asked whether he intended to force the discussion of this resolution at the present executive session, and replied that he did not, but thought the beginning of the session the proper time to introduce any resolution relating to the rules by which it should be governed. The measure which he proposed is a more reasonable one than has been indicated by most of the press reports, for it concedes to each member of the minority, when closure is invoked, a half-hour in which to state his objections to the pending bill before a vote thereon is taken. In the House such an allotment of time would have secured a pretty thorough discussion of all the bills which have been "railroaded through" under the House rules. The recent Army Bill, for example, to the discussion of which less than two hours was allotted, might have been discussed for an entire week had each member of the minority been conceded a half-hour in which to state his objections. In the Senate, however, where the minority party usually has had less than forty members, the discussion would have been limited to twenty hours, even if each Senator in the minority used the full time to which the proposed rules would entitle him. It is not generally believed that Senator Platt's resolution can pass the Senate in its present form, partly because the resolution is itself subject to indefinite debate, and partly because the Senate—especially since the adoption of the Reed rules in the House—has prided itself upon being the only deliberative body in the National Government.

❀

Compromise Needed Nevertheless, the Platt resolution affords a fair basis for discussion and compromise. Those who are predicting the complete defeat of the measure recall that the first Senate, in 1789, permitted the majority to shut off debate whenever four members demanded, and that after this rule was changed so as to permit each Senator to speak as often and as long as he wished upon each measure, the attempts to restore the original order have all failed. It should be remembered, however, that the privilege of unlimited debate becomes more and more open to abuse as the Senate increases in size. When there were but thirty members, a filibustering minority could be wearied out by continuous sessions; but in the present Senate of ninety members the minority, by dividing into relays and providing suppers for those on duty, can make a debate almost interminable. However, the present rules have not been taken advantage of as often as one would expect, and have rarely defeated measures which a majority of the Senate really cared to pass. In the last session the minority succeeded in talking the Subsidy Bill to death, chiefly because many of the Republicans wished it killed; and the same thing held true of the defeat of the Force Bill by the notorious filibuster of the session of 1890. The question is not one to be settled by the application of any single general principle. To secure the thorough discussion of all new and

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important measures, and prevent the factious blocking of unimportant or routine measures, such as appropriation bills, will require a pretty elaborate rule, such as can be framed only by mutual conciliation on the part of representatives of both parties who are thoroughly conversant with Senatorial procedure.

❀

Senatorial Elections The deadlock in the Montana Legislature was at last broken, but it was not until the last night of the session, and the sixteenth hour of that last night. When twelve o'clock came and the sixty-day session would naturally have ended by Constitutional limitation, the hands of the clock were put back, and this operation was repeated until half-past three, when the retirement of one of the Democratic candidates threw his vote to a candidate who had hardly been in the race three hours before, but now obtained exactly the forty-seven votes necessary for an election. The successful candidate, Mr. Paris Gibson, was born in New Hampshire in 1830, graduated at Bowdoin in the class of '51, became a manufacturer and later a stock-raiser, and finally made a fortune by developing the water-power of the Missouri River at what is now known as Great Falls. He is referred to in the despatches as "a retired capitalist." In the Delaware Legislature the last allotted day ended without an election. There was intense excitement, and large crowds gathered expecting to see a "break to Addicks," but after the first joint ballot was taken for the filling of the two vacancies in the United States Senate, one of the seven Republicans who have steadfastly refused to vote for Mr. Addicks moved that the two Houses should separate. This motion was a complete surprise to the Addicks following, who shouted in consternation that all Republicans should vote the measure down; but when the vote was taken, the seven stood by the Democrats, and gave to Mr. Addicks's defiant alternative, "Addicks or nobody," the answer "Nobody." The Republicans who supported the motion to separate were greeted with groans, hisses, and cries of "traitor" from the Addicks supporters, but were cheered to the echo by their party opponents, and retain the enthusiastic support of all Republicans who care more to preserve the honor of their party than to add one or two votes to its already overwhelming majority in the United States Senate. The support which these protesting Republicans have received within their own State is greatly to the credit of Delaware, which must now be entirely without representation in the Senate because it refused to accept a representative who had no claims but his money.

❀

The Maryland Ballot Law The ballot bill submitted to the special session of the Maryland Legislature is not so radical as was anticipated when the session was called. Instead of providing for the disfranchisement of all the illiterate voters—seven per cent. of the whites, or 15,000, and fifty per cent. of the blacks, or 25,000—it merely disfranchises those who are too dull or indifferent to copy upon their ballots the marking which they and their friends decide upon outside the polling-place. The proposed law forbids party emblems and party columns, and requires the voter to mark the name of each individual candidate for whom he wishes to vote, but—as Governor Smith points out in his message—it requires the supervisors to post in public places at least four days before the election magnified sample copies of the ballot to be used. When such sample ballots are published, reprints thereof can, of course, be furnished to illiterate voters, who can mark them in consultation with their friends and carry them into the booths for their own guidance. The requirement that samples of the ballot shall be published in advance of the election seems to have been adopted in part to conciliate Democratic opposition to the general disfranchisement of illiterates and in part to avoid running counter to the clause of the Maryland Constitution providing that "every male citizen," etc., "shall be entitled to vote at all elections." The supporters of the proposed law claim that it does not take away the illiterate citizen's right to vote, but merely requires him to exercise care and discrimination. It seems to us that such requirements are in the public interest, and that the elections in all our States would be more

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intelligently conducted if the marking of party emblems and party columns were done away with, and each citizen required to mark the name of each candidate he wishes elected. The fact that this principle is being urged in the political interests of Mr. Gorman does not affect its validity. An impartial judge does not change his view as to the law because he does not like the plaintiff.

❀

The Chicago Mayoralty Campaign

Reformers are likely to take but a lukewarm interest in the present mayoralty campaign in Chicago. The indignation aroused by Mayor Harrison's lax enforcement of regulations against saloons and gambling-houses promised for a time to lend moral enthusiasm to the campaign against him, but this enthusiasm has been largely dissipated by the refusal of the Republican Convention to nominate John M. Harlan, the candidate of the reformers. Two years ago, it will be remembered, Mr. Harlan, running as an independent, polled a larger vote than the regular Republican nominee, and party policy seemed clearly to demand that this year he should be the party candidate. Nearly two hundred delegates to the nominating convention were instructed to support him, but the influence of the machine with the four hundred uninstructed delegates secured his defeat. The fact that he was a "bolter" two years ago was the offense named against him, but his earnestness in resisting the franchise schemes of the traction companies is thought to have been the real cause of the machine's unrelenting hostility. Judge Haney, the candidate named in his place, is severely handicapped by the character of the support he received, and though he protests in his speech that he will not prove the tool of the machine and calls upon all good citizens to range themselves on the side of "the people" against "the forces of bribery, corruption, debauchery, and crime," the present indications are that he cannot make the voters take his view of the issues. The Democratic candidate, Mayor Harrison, is making his campaign upon his record in preventing the alienation of municipal franchises. His platform in most respects is admirable; one of its clauses cordially indorses civil service reform, and points with pride to the Mayor's service in giving the law vitality and so enforcing it "that all positions in all public departments are now filled from the eligible lists." The platform also declares in favor of the referendum on important questions, and of a charter amendment authorizing the city to furnish electric lighting for commercial purposes and to manufacture gas for public and private use. The Chicago "Times-Herald" remarks that "if platforms won elections, Mayor Harrison would have no trouble in riding into a third term."

❀

Colonel Sanger and Mr. Platt

Last week Mr. Root, Secretary of War, in seeking for a new Assistant Secretary, decided upon Colonel William Cary Sanger, a very independent Republican from New York State, as the proper man. Mr. Root frankly told President McKinley and the Senators from New York State that he had selected this candidate because the position demanded a thoroughly able man like Mr. Sanger, but also because the new assistant should be personally agreeable to him as Secretary. When this announcement was made, according to the reports in the New York "Tribune," President McKinley readily acceded, but Senator Platt objected, and told Mr. Root that it was customary to consult the wishes of Senators representing the States from which such selections are made. "In other words," so reads the despatch, "I called Mr. Root's attention to the fact that the personal wishes of Senator Depew and myself were quite as worthy of consideration in this matter as are his own. I believe our protest has had the desired effect, for when my colleague, Mr. Depew, called at the White House, the President informed him that the Sanger appointment would not be made." Despite this, it is understood that Colonel Sanger's commission as Assistant Secretary has been made out and sent to the President for signature. This matter is one of far-reaching significance, for in it the whole problem of the appointing power is involved. Our Presidents have, as a rule, too tamely submitted to the precedent that the Executive shall submit no nomination unapproved by the

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Senators of the State in which the nominee resides. Such a necessity is, to say the least, humiliating. It is to be hoped that Mr. McKinley, with the able and bold backing of his Secretary of War, may succeed in overcoming this oppression. One way, in the present instance, though a somewhat evasive one, would be, now that the Senate has adjourned, to appoint Colonel Sanger under the general power of the President to make recess appointments to hold till the end of the Senate's next session. In this event the appointee would retain office until the summer of next year.

❀

Currency and Commerce

The Government has recently published some figures about our currency and commerce which are interesting even to people who usually skip such things. In regard to the currency it reports that the amount in circulation has increased in four years nearly one-third. The population has also increased, but the amount of money for each family of five persons is now $141 as against $114 four years ago. In other words, the ordinary family on the farm and in the city handles five dollars where it handled but four at the beginning of 1897. The farmer's family is not producing any more than it did four years ago, but it is getting one-fourth more for its product. The city family is not getting much higher prices for its product, but sales are so much greater and employment so much steadier that the ordinary city family also is now getting about one-fourth more than it did at the beginning of 1897. In regard to our commerce the comparisons are with 1896, and stand as follows:

	Merchandise Exports.	Merchandise Imports.	Balance due us.
1896...	$1,005,000,000	$682,000,000	$323,000,000
1900...	1,478,000,000	829,000,000	648,000,000

Four years ago the balance due us seemed extremely gratifying, and while we received almost no gold in settlement, we had the satisfaction of thinking that we had lessened our indebtedness to Europe. According to the careful estimate of a French statistician, M. Georges Martin, the American securities held in Europe in 1890 aggregated about $2,000,000,000, and the yearly interest was about $100,000,000. According to the estimates of some New York bankers, we sent abroad almost $100,000,000 more to pay the expenses of American travelers. Our yearly payments of freight to foreign ships amount to perhaps fifty millions. All of these items must, of course, be settled by exports, for which we receive no imports in return, or else our foreign debt increases. But all these payments together amounted to less than $300,000,000, and when the balance in our favor last year rose nearly to $650,000,000 it seemed clear that our foreign debt must have been reduced by over $300,000,000. A New York wag suggests that with a heavy export duty on heiresses we might in a few years discharge all our foreign obligations.

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Figures on Trust Dividends

The "Engineering and Mining Journal," of New York, has recently published the dividends paid last year by two hundred and fifty corporations engaged in the mineral industries of this country. The returns are singularly complete—the dividends of the companies reporting aggregating $131,000,000, or ten per cent. upon the total capital invested in these industries according to the liberal estimate of the census of 1890. The industries are naturally grouped into the metallic and non-metallic, and Dr. Hourwich, of Washington, sends us an interesting analysis of each group, comparing the dividends in the industries governed by combinations with those in industries in which competition still prevails. Among the metallic industries, gold-mining, silver-mining, and iron-ore mining are still uncontrolled by trusts or combinations, different companies competing with each other only less sharply than retail merchants or farmers. Copper-mining, however, which is the only other important metallic industry, is under the control of the "Associated Copper Producers." The comparative dividends in this group were as follows:

	Value of product.	Dividends in 1900.	Percentage.
Copper.....	$100,154,000	$28,633,000	28.6 per cent.
All other metals	409,647,000	18,069,000	4.4 per cent

One of the associated copper companies—the "Calumet and Hecla"—declared a dividend of 280 per cent. upon its capital stock of $2,500,000, and even the "Amalgamated Copper Company," which capi-

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talized a less valuable property at $75,000,000, has none the less been able to declare an eight per cent. dividend. The "Associated Copper Producers," Dr. Hourwich remarks, "have certainly discovered the philosopher's stone with which to turn base metal and water into gold." The dividends they have declared are relatively over six times as great as those declared by the gold, silver, and iron mining companies under the régime of competition. In the non-metallic group of industries the contrast between the one controlled by a combination—oil—and the others not so controlled, such as coal-mining, stone quarries, etc., is even sharper. The table is as follows:

	Value of output.	Dividends.	Percentage.
Standard Oil Co.....	$75,366,000	$47,800,000	63.4
All other non-metallic mineral industries...	680,315,000	36,439,000	5.4

Here the industry controlled by the combination pays dividends relatively twelve times as great as those in the kindred industries not so controlled. The comparisons certainly throw a strong light upon the contrast between "reasonable profits" as fixed by monopolies and "reasonable profits" as fixed by competition.

❀

The Telephone Decision The decision of Judge Brown in the United States Circuit Court in Boston against the validity of the Berliner patent upon the form of transmitter in general use by all telephone companies seems to be accepted as final, and the claim of the Bell Telephone Company to a National monopoly is practically abandoned. The case may be carried to the Court of Appeals and even to the Supreme Court, but the fact that it has been before the Circuit Court for several years, that Judge Brown has had it under consideration for fifteen months since the taking of testimony was finished, and that he denies the validity of the Berliner patent upon four different grounds, makes the reversal of his decision highly improbable. The Berliner patent, it may be recalled, was applied for back in the seventies—or almost as soon as the original Bell patent—and when, having meanwhile been transferred to the Bell company, it was finally granted in 1891, just as the Bell patent was about to expire, its validity was attacked before the Supreme Court on the ground that the long delay in the Patent Office indicated a conspiracy to prolong the Bell monopoly. The Supreme Court ruled that the validity of the patent could not be denied upon this ground, but did not touch upon the points which are the basis of Judge Brown's decisions. He holds that it is invalid for the following reasons:

1. Because on June 4, 1877, Berliner had not made the invention covered by the patents issued on November 17, 1891.
2. That the invention described in the patent is radically different from the invention described in the application.
3. That the invention was previously (in 1880) patented by Berliner.
4. That Berliner's amended application is anticipated by Edison's application of July 10, 1877.

If any one of these points is sustained, the Berliner patent fails, and the chance that all four will be reversed is too small to alarm any independent company. To the independent companies a great field is assured. Already, in the seven years since the fundamental Bell patents expired, these independent companies have built up an aggregate business even greater than that of the original companies. According to a carefully prepared article in the New York "Evening Post," the Bell companies at the end of last year had 633,000 subscribers, while the independent companies had 1,500,000. The Bell companies hold, of course, the more valuable business, as they are in control in nearly all the large cities, while the independent companies—nearly all local and some co-operative—have obtained their hold in the small towns and rural districts where the Bell companies had not entered, or where competing companies were easily able to gain an entrance.

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The Anti-Cigarette Crusade Next to primary election bills and tax bills, measures directed against the sale of cigarettes have occupied the most prominent place before the Legislatures that have been in session this winter. Last week the House of Representatives in New Hampshire passed one of these measures, providing that hereafter no person, firm, or corporation shall make, sell, or keep for sale "any form of cigarette." The gift of a cigarette to minors is made a misdemeanor quite as much as the sale

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to adults. Persons violating the law may be punished by a fine of ten dollars for the first offense, and fifty dollars for any subsequent offense. This act, which seems almost certain to pass the Senate and receive the Governor's approval, is a sample of those which have been presented to most of the Legislatures which have been in session. The Chicago "Tribune," which recently investigated the subject very thoroughly, reports that only two States, Wyoming and Louisiana, have not given some attention to cigarette-smoking, and that eleven States have already passed laws against it. In some cases, it says, as, for example, Rhode Island and Ohio, the law when first passed was allowed to remain inoperative, but now public sentiment seems to demand enforcement. The bills in question seem to have secured the support, not only of a great many legislators who are inveterate smokers, but also of a great many who are generally opposed to prohibitory legislation. They put the prohibition of the sale of cigarettes on a par with the prohibition of the sale of liquor to minors, inasmuch as cigarette-smoking is in a peculiar degree the practice of boys and young men. It is also urged that cigarette-smoking is more hurtful than cigar-smoking, because cigarette-smokers so often inhale the smoke into the lungs. The physical and even the mental wreck of many boys is alleged to have been the result. The anti-cigarette bills seem to have received the general support of school-teachers. Such measures of prohibition aimed at the protection of the individual from his own folly or wrong-doing appear to us justifiable only in so far as they protect children who are insufficiently protected by parental control. The political right to prohibit adults from injuring themselves by excessive smoking appears to us more than doubtful.

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Judge Taft's Report

By far the most encouraging official report which has been received from the Philippine Islands is that cabled by Judge Taft, President of the Commission, last week. This despatch was purposely sent on the eve of President McKinley's second inauguration in order to assure the President of the great progress recently made. In it a long list of captures and surrenders is given, showing that since the first of the year something like twenty-five hundred firearms have been handed in; the capture of a gun is really of more importance than the capture of many insurgents. It is also stated that since November eighty thousand residents of Panay alone have taken the oath of allegiance, and there have been many surrenders of small bodies of insurgents in all parts of the Philippines. Judge Taft declares that offensive attacks by insurgents are now of rare occurrence. He finds in the organization of the Federal party and its rapid spread in all parts of the archipelago a hopeful sign for peace and for civil liberty under American sovereignty. The Philippine Commission in February organized five provincial governments; as we stated last week, however, in only one or two of the five provinces can the new government be considered as at all firmly established. The work of organizing the southern provinces under civil government will now be undertaken. With all due allowance for the uncertainty of the native character and the questionable sincerity of some of the recent expressions of loyalty to the United States, it must be admitted that there are not a few indications of a more favorable disposition towards the United States Government than has existed previously, and the cause of this seems to be due entirely to the fact that the natives are now beginning to understand that our representatives in the Philippines desire to institute local self-government whenever circumstances will permit.

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The Porto Rican Legislature

A well-informed correspondent in Porto Rico sends us the following summary of the work of the first Legislature: The legislative session in Porto Rico commenced December 3, 1900, and ended January 31, 1901. During the first thirty days the House of Delegates, which, with but one exception, was composed of Porto Ricans, found it difficult to adapt itself to American legislative ways, but thereafter it fell into line, and moved along with creditable aptitude and intelligence. In all thirty-six bills were passed, and not one foolish or dangerous law finds its place on the first statute-book of

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the island. Among the more important measures are: An act to establish trial by jury; an act to provide revenues for the island, based largely upon American taxation laws; and an act to authorize the condemnation of lands for cemetery purposes, enabling new cemeteries to be constructed, and remedying a shameful condition of affairs heretofore existing. Two special Educational Acts were passed: one providing for the education of twenty young men and women in the various arts and trades which may best qualify them to assist in the improvement of the conditions in Porto Rico, the education to be had in the United States; and another to provide generally for the education of twenty-five poor young men in the United States. An act was passed establishing a Code Commission, the object of this law being to provide for the appointment of Commissioners who shall report appropriate codes to the next Legislature, the Commission to be appointed by the Governor. Other acts created the office of Director of Charities, thus putting the direct responsibility upon one person; established a modern penitentiary; provided for an advanced system of public schools; required foreign corporations to file their charters; created a Director of Prisons; organized police courts, with the right of appeal, which has never before existed; removed cemeteries from religious control; provided for an exhibit of the island's products at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo; declared July 25 a legal holiday, to commemorate the landing of the Americans in Porto Rico; and permitted municipalities to levy taxes and issue bonds for public improvements. The House of Delegates killed a bill originating within their body to further continue the time in which suits for foreclosure of mortgages might be brought, and in doing so the Porto Ricans themselves announced that the law of contracts shall be inviolate in the island. The House of Delegates also passed an act authorizing the government to contract a loan of $3,000,000 for the benefit of the agriculturists of the island. This bill died in the Council, and was the one instance in the session where a clean-cut line between Americans and Porto Ricans was drawn, the five Porto Ricans voting for the measure, and the five Americans against it. But throughout the session good feeling prevailed, and, after one or two experiences, the defeat of a measure was accepted in good part. The recent rioting growing out of a trivial incident in school discipline seems to have been exaggerated in the first reports and to be indicative only of Porto Rican excitability.

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An American Court in China

General Chaffee, Commander of the American Legation Guard at Peking, has already deserved well of his country, but never more so than in his action last week establishing a court of justice in our "compound" or reservation at Peking. This court will actually be in charge, not of an American, but of a Chinese magistrate, and it is to be accepted as a matter of course that General Chaffee's appointee has been proven to be an entirely honest man. The Chinese are noted bribetakers, but we choose to believe that General Chaffee's appointee is actuated by motives of integrity. Even if he were not, he knows that our representative has it in his power to stop the Chinaman's tenure of office at any proof of dishonesty or unwarranted cruelty. For instance, we read that General Chaffee has refused to allow the decapitation of several notorious Boxer chiefs, guilty of murder, whom the Chinese judge condemned. It will be remembered that the Americans are the only foreigners who have carried out no executions in Peking. American justice is thus likely henceforth to stand for a higher civilization than any which the Chinese have yet known. As they look at the Japanese courts they see a judiciary modeled in some degree on their own, even if it has acquired much from outside. If they look to Russian or to German courts in China, they are brought face to face with infantry captains sitting as judges, not foreign magistrates sitting as judges, still less Chinese sitting as judges. General Chaffee's tribunal will carry a moral authority which has not been attained in China either by the Government of that country or by the representatives at Peking of any foreign Power. In view of the increased pressure for the partition of China, it is well that our Government should thus strengthen its influence—an

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influence which has consistently and persistently stood for Chinese commercial and territorial integrity.

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Count Lamsdorf's Explanations

Last week the text of the Russo-Chinese Manchurian Convention was published. The first article reads: "The Emperor of Russia, being desirous of manifesting friendly feeling, agrees to restore Manchuria completely to China. Without keeping in mind the fact of the recent warfare in that province, the Chinese administration shall be restored in all respects to the *status quo ante*." The other articles specify a military occupation by Russia until the indemnity is paid, confer on Russia the exclusive training of the Manchurian forces, forbid the importation of arms and ammunition, and especially forbid the granting of railway, mining, or other concessions to non-Russians in the lands about Niuchang, the great port of Manchuria. On this publication, the other Powers, except France, advised China to delay signing this Convention, owing to the well-grounded belief that Russia had ulterior designs in Manchuria. In addition, it is the opinion of our own Government that it is not only inexpedient but also even dangerous for China to enter into a private arrangement regarding territory with any Government during the continuance of the present negotiations at Peking between the allied Powers and the Imperial Government. Notes were therefore addressed to the Powers and to China by our State Department, conveying these sentiments. Although replies were not necessary, most of the Powers have now answered the note, the most important being, of course, from Count Lamsdorf, Russian Foreign Minister, who declares that Russia's policy is an unselfish one, and that there is no ulterior purpose in retaining troops in China. In spite of this disclaimer, the Powers are not satisfied, believing Russia to be determined upon at least a temporary occupation of Manchuria; and, in this case, Russia or any other Power might be accorded a free hand to take everything in sight, under the pretext of such occupation. In a despatch published by the British Government last week, Count Lamsdorf says that "the only grounds for the rumor of the Russian permanent occupation of Manchuria must have been the fact that the Russian military authorities, engaged in the pacification of the province, have been directed, when reinstating the Chinese authorities, to arrange with local civil officials a *modus vivendi* for the duration of the simultaneous presence of Russians and Chinese, in order to prevent a recurrence of disturbances near the Russian frontier, and to protect the railway from the frontier to Port Arthur." All of which may be taken with a large grain of salt.

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Lord Kitchener and General Botha

Close on the heels of the news of the meeting between Lord Kitchener and General Botha comes the announcement in the London "Daily Chronicle" that they have agreed upon terms of amnesty. Their meeting, according to this journal, was brought about by Mrs. Botha, who, deeply affected by the helpless plight of the Boers, did not spare herself in the cause of peace, and did her utmost to induce her husband to accept the British terms. These terms were a general amnesty to all Boers who surrendered, as well as to all prisoners, except the Cape Dutch who, being British subjects, had actively fomented Boer resistance. Ex-President Steyn, of the former Orange Free State, and General De Wet were, however, expressly excluded from the amnesty. Furthermore, Lord Kitchener promised that if peace were concluded the British Government would assist in the rebuilding of Boer farm-houses, would reinstate all lawful owners, and would help them to restock their farms. The "Chronicle" claims that General Botha was finally satisfied with these conditions and wanted to arrange an armistice, but that Messrs. Steyn, De Wet, Delarey, and other leaders remained irreconcilable, declining any terms, and declaring their intention to fight to the bitter end. It is rumored (but the rumor has not been confirmed) that if General Botha can persuade all of his officers he will make formal submission. At all events, the British believe the speedy capture of the Botha forces certain; they are wise in not claiming as much for those led by De Wet. He is now in the vicinity of Kroonstad, and four other Boer leaders are also in

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the southwestern part of the Orange River Colony. Only a few bands of Boers are now left in Cape Colony. From many members of that Colony the British Government has received a memorial asking that it refuse to grant anything which would be considered as "terms" by the Boers.

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Irish Legislators Last week was one of the most remarkable in the history of the British Parliament. During a discussion in the House of Commons of a vote on education, the Irish Nationalists contended that the grants to Roman Catholic schools were insufficient. After some debate, Mr. Balfour, the Government leader, moved closure, and the House agreed by a vote of two to one, the Irish members meanwhile shouting "Gag!" As is customary, the members began to file into the division lobbies, but some Irish members kept their seats. The Speaker, addressing the sitters, asked them to proceed to the lobbies, but they declined. After waiting a considerable time, the Speaker again requested members to proceed to the lobbies, on which Mr. Flavin, speaking for his comrades, said: "We feel it to be our solemn duty to make a protest against the way in which all the Irish votes have been closured. It is a scandalous proceeding." The Speaker replied that it was impossible to go back upon the decision of the House; the House had decided that the question should be put, and it was his duty to put it. He added that if the Irish members refused to go into the lobbies, he must send for the sergeant-at-arms; whereupon they replied: "You may fetch your policemen, but we will not move." Finally the Speaker personally named the various recalcitrants, who again refused to leave the House, and only after another interval were the police summoned. The Speaker made one more appeal to the members to leave quietly, but they refused. The police then removed the members, who, struggling, made a sufficiently undignified exit. The recalcitrants could hardly have invited quicker retribution. On the following day Mr. Balfour proposed that they should be suspended for the remainder of the session as a penalty for the disobedience. He justly said that the House ought not to remain helpless against members who were willing to commit such offenses. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader, for his side, said that he had not a word of excuse to offer in justification or palliation. Mr. John Redmond, the Irish leader, declared that what had occurred was only a natural ebullition of feeling against an unjust closure. Mr. Balfour's motion was passed by a vote of 264 to 51.

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The Mafia in Sicily Mr. Richard Bagot, widely known as an acute critic of Italian affairs, has just contributed to the London "National Review" a striking article on the Mafia. This organization has been supposed to be a body kindred to that of the Neapolitan Camorra, or to other societies among criminal classes. Mr. Bagot tells us, however, that the Mafia is not necessarily an organization of evil-doers, nor is it, in the ordinary sense of the term, a secret society. It derives its existence "from the deeply rooted and hereditary determination of the Sicilian of all grades of society to baffle and destroy the law itself." Mr. Bagot thinks that the Mafia is, as Baron Franchetti has claimed, a union of persons belonging to every grade, profession, and territory; who are always united for the furtherance of their reciprocal interests, and yet with every consideration of law, justice, and public morals set aside. Thus the Mafia cannot be considered or dealt with as an organized society. It possesses no fixed code of laws, nor even any recognized body of officers. The Mafia is really "a species of subjective and impersonal force." The most sordid and vulgar factor in it, a factor which has caused it to be confounded with the Camorra, is that of illicit gain. Perhaps in no other country of the world could such an organization reach such a climax, and Mr. Bagot does well also to call attention to the psychological traits of the Sicilians themselves. In them one finds not only the cunning ferocity, cruelty, and diplomacy of the Saracen, the Spaniard, the Angevin, and the Norman who have in turn possessed this beautiful island, but also their stubborn courage and their fidelity. Whatever of mediævalism one sees in Sicily—and it is a good deal—is further crossed by a strain of African blood. The strength of

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the Mafia lies in its penetration into every sphere and phase of Sicilian society. It demands and receives a share in the proceeds of every branch of industry; if that share be denied, persecution and even death are the penalties which, sooner or later, must be paid. The latest Italian writers on this subject, however, claim that, despite all mediævalisms, good material for reform exists in Sicily. This valuable material has been distorted by misgovernment, by the degrading influence of an ignorant priesthood, and by the barbarous sentiments instilled into their offspring by the Sicilians themselves. One of the greatest problems now before the Italian Government is to civilize and educate Sicily out of these conditions.

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Premier Sagasta

Last week the Spanish Cabinet changed from a Conservative to a Liberal organization. Premier Azcarraga resigned on the ground that he regarded the mission for which he took office as having been accomplished, namely, the carrying out of the marriage of the Queen Regent's eldest daughter to Prince Charles of Bourbon, and the restoration of order throughout the kingdom. This marriage between an Alfonsist and a Carlist was a love-match, and the Queen Regent, devoted as she is to the traditions of the Alfonsist dynasty, could not deny what seemed to be her daughter's highest happiness. As Madrid and Spain have now become quieter, General Azcarraga felt that the proper time had arrived for relinquishing his excessively burdensome task. He was able to advise, however, that the state of siege under which Madrid had been for some time might now be raised, and added that he was especially impressed by the desirability of the loyal co-operation of the dynastic parties in view of the young King's accession in May, 1902. The Queen Regent found no Conservative willing to assume the task of Cabinet reconstruction. Perhaps one reason lay in the fact that such a reconstruction must involve not so much military and ecclesiastical as commercial reform, and of course it would hardly be Castilian to be moved by a mere trade programme! Nevertheless, it is only by the reforms outlined in the protests of the various Chambers of Commerce throughout Spain, but especially in that received from Barcelona, the most important center of Spanish trade, that a genuinely satisfying course of government may be pursued. It is earnestly to be hoped that the veteran statesman, Señor Sagasta, who again assumes the reins of power, may have the courage necessary to follow out these reforms. If he does so, next summer's elections are likely to be favorable to his continuance of power; but it must be admitted that the course of the Spanish Liberals hitherto has not benefited the peninsular commerce much more than has that of the Conservatives. It may be that a republic will become necessary in order to bring about sorely needed changes in commerce, as in the Church and the army. As for the army, it is rather grimly significant that the reactionary General Weyler becomes Minister of War in a Liberal Cabinet.

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The Spanish and Portuguese Abductions

During the past few weeks an abduction in Spain and one in Portugal have been the proximate causes for much popular agitation. The ultimate cause has lain deeper. It is the eternal conflict between State and Church, between the open, legal, civil government and the secret power of the Roman Catholic orders. The foreign papers inform us that Señorita Ubao, a rich young Spanish girl, was induced to leave her home and become one of the "Slaves of the Heart of Jesus" in Madrid by a representative of that order. He began working on the girl's romantic nature by clandestine correspondence, after the parish priest, an honest man, had discovered his intentions. The girl's family appealed to the courts, the great republican lawyer and statesman, Señor Salmeron, being their advocate. He won his case and the girl was restored to her family, but not before the occurrence had fanned into flame a popular passion for liberty. Thousands of Spanish students escorted Señor Salmeron from the court to his house and turbulently acclaimed him as a national hero. In Portugal the case was that of the abduction of a daughter of the Brazilian Consul at Oporto, and serious political consequences may follow. At all events, as soon as the news came

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to Rio Janeiro, the Portuguese Consul's house was stoned, while at Oporto crowds of students filled the streets threatening violence to convents and monasteries. The students were finally dispersed by mounted police, but not until there had been many casualties. Then the police broke into the university buildings, with the result of compelling the professors to lodge an appeal against the Government. Not only in Madrid and Oporto, but throughout the Iberian peninsula, there is now a state of unrest boding no good to the Vatican. Spaniards and Portuguese are undoubtedly more devoted to the Roman Catholic form of religion than ever before, but they are now awake to the evils lurking in the quite arbitrary course of the monks and of some priests. For the cause of peace and progress it is to be hoped that Leo XIII.—who has just celebrated his ninety-first birthday in amazingly good health—may give evidence of his wisdom in himself checking what the Roman Curia may be fostering, the insidious growth of some of the religious orders. In the interests of Christianity in general, but of the Roman Catholic communion in particular, all unworthy schemes in its name should be promptly disavowed and their authors severely disciplined. As the Spanish and Portuguese prelates have not shown enough zeal in this direction, we wish that the venerable Pope might take the initiative. Perhaps he would, if he consulted his own feelings only.

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The Westminster Confession: The Conservative View

An extremely interesting discussion concerning the creedal standards of the Presbyterian Church has just taken place in the Presbyterian Union of New York City, a purely social church club. The first speaker was Professor De Witt, of Princeton, who claimed that the established standards should be reaffirmed and left unchanged. He declared that, at the present time, faith is engaged in a fight with doubt and unbelief, however reverent they may be. "If a philosophical layman writes in justification of the foundations of Christian belief, he grounds his argument in a philosophy of doubt. And it is 'The Gospel for an Age of Doubt' which one of our own clergymen eloquently and with literary grace commends to students about to begin their ministry. . . . I am not finding fault with either Mr. Balfour or Dr. van Dyke. . . . As for Ritschlianism, the most it has to tell us is that we have no real knowledge of God; and that our assertions of his self-conscious love and fatherhood are only judgments of religious value." Discontent has been bred with the old, the traditional, and the accepted; hence, according to Professor De Witt, if history has any lessons for us, it is no time to go into the business of creed-making or creed-mending. He calls attention to the facts that there is no goal in sight, and that "as a Church we are much more seriously divided in sentiment than we were a decade since," when the Church wanted to try amendment, but rejected the proposal made. Now, not one but four parties of revisionists appear, and the Committee of the General Assembly, "by a vote of two to one, has adopted as its own the very preference which had the least popularity in the Presbyteries." Professor De Witt declared science, philosophy, and theology to be the three great modes of organizing the universe into an intellectual system. "Science never goes below second causes; if it does, it is no longer science. . . . It becomes philosophy. . . . Philosophy views the universe as a unity, and the goal it is always seeking to reach is the source and center of this unity—the Absolute, The First Cause." The goal of philosophy is the point of departure of theology. "What philosophy is striving to find, theology asserts has been found. Theology starts, therefore, with the Absolute, the First Cause." Its doctrine of God is clear and determinate. The Confession is attacked, (1) by current religious sentiment, and (2) by current philosophical speculation. Professor De Witt admitted that all revisionists do not belong to these two classes, but affirmed that it was difficult to discuss particular positions because no one had yet formulated an explanatory or supplemental creed. He then touched upon the principal statement in the Westminster Confession attacked by the liberals, the reference to the elect, replying that, according to the Westminster divines themselves, "without the Gospel, the Holy Spirit can

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regenerate sinners, adult sinners, when and where and how He pleaseth." The real conflict of the hour, maintained the speaker, "is between unintelligent chance and intelligent plan, as the constitutive principle of the universe."

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The Progressive View President Stewart, of Auburn Theological Seminary, took the ground that entirely new standards are now needed. The Westminster Assembly began its work in an effort to revise the Thirty-nine Articles, but, by the time the fifteenth article had been revised, it became apparent that the work could be better accomplished by making a new Confession, and this the Assembly did. Such a work, in imitation of their example, Presbyterians ought to do now—(1) because the Westminster Confession does not represent, in its point of view, in its proportions, in all its statements, or in its omissions, the present faith of the Presbyterian Church; (2) in order to fulfill a mission to our own generation. Dr. Stewart quoted from Professor Flint, "A Church which rests satisfied with the acquisitions which former generations have drawn from nature, Providence, and Scripture—which does not seek to add to the treasures stored up in its creed, catechisms, and dogmatic systems new treasures—may be orthodox, may have espoused as yet no grievous positive falsehood; but its whole attitude toward the truth is a wrong one. It is at heart disloyal and dead to the love of it; and once a Church is dead and disloyal to the truth, it will soon be dead and disloyal to all that is good." Only by showing both knowledge and love through stating the truth may Presbyterians keep their place, do their part, and widen their influence in the sisterhood of churches. The speaker was not content with mere generalizations, but recommended for the new creed that it should be (1) positive, definite, incisive, articulated; (2) that it should be concrete; the theology of the Confession started from a philosophical idea, the theology of to-day starts with a concrete Person: "We must make God the center of our creed because he is the center of our theology, but it is the God of the New Testament . . . and not the abstract Deity of the metaphysicians;" (3) that it should be brief but comprehensive—"We want this creed, not to bind in sheep and put on the shelf, but for use in the churches." (4) Last of all, it should be irenic: "The purpose of the message is to win men, not to alienate them." Professor Herrick Johnson, of the McCormick Theological Seminary, closed the discussion by a plea in behalf of a supplemental doctrinal restatement. He fitly declared that "across the Westminster Confession could justly be written 'The Gospel for the Elect Only.'" That Confession "was written under the absolute dominance of one idea, the doctrine of predestination. The speaker added that the Westminster Confession did not contain one of three great truths: God's love for a lost world, Christ's compassion for a lost world, and the Gospels universal for a lost world. "If these are not in the Scripture, nothing is in the Scripture." The method of a supplemental restatement has, among others, these merits: (1) It respects the feeling that the historic text of the Confession should not have its visage marred by a change; yet (2) it respects a prevalent desire which revision seeks to satisfy; (3) it would secure what an explanatory statement would secure, but in a directer way; (4) it has "superior possibilities for setting forth the Gospel in some world-wide aspects." It would, Dr. Stewart declared, put the Presbyterian system in such brief, simple, and clear form that any wayfaring man might read it and learn what Presbyterians believe should be more widely *loved*, as well as "known and read" of all men.

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The Athanasian Creed Discussing the willingness of some Presbyterians to expose the weaknesses of the Westminster Confession, the Toronto "Presbyterian Review" says that they do not go further in this respect than do some Anglican clergymen in exposing similar weaknesses in their own communion. This is true, as may have been recently noted, especially concerning the outrageous Athanasian Creed. Damnatory clauses preface and conclude the creed, as follows: "Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith, which faith, except every

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one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly," and "This is the Catholic faith, which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved." These clauses are certainly as anti-Christian as anything which an extreme Calvinist might conceive respecting predestination. For the credit of a great theologian and Church Father it must always be added that the authorship of this creed by Athanasius has generally been called in question by modern scholarship. Athanasius himself makes no mention of the creed now called by his name; it was known as early as the sixth century, but was not called Athanasian until a later period. It must always also be added that the American Protestant Episcopal Church is not similarly afflicted; its Book of Common Prayer is a revision of the English book. However, there are outspoken liberals in England as everywhere, and recently in Canterbury Cathedral itself, Christianity's most ancient home in England, Dean Farrar did not hesitate spiritedly to protest against the further use of such language. "Of all Churches," he declared, "we go on reciting the Athanasian Creed, most unsuitable for public recitation, most uncharitable, and most repulsive to thousands who hear it." Yet, by the provisions of the English Prayer-Book, such a creed must be recited in English churches on that most inappropriate occasion for a display of intolerance, Christmas Day. Last Christmas, amidst the impressiveness of Westminster Abbey, one of the canons, in his Christmas sermon, bravely and solemnly averred that it was little less than dishonest to disregard the chafing of the Christian conscience whenever the Athanasian Creed was recited. He hoped that the creed would be removed from the public service of the Church "and relegated to that category of illustrative theology now usefully occupied by the Thirty-nine Articles." So do we.

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Medical Charity St. George's and St. Bartholomew's Churches, New York City, have long been foremost among ecclesiastical organizations in recognizing fully their social as well as religious opportunities and duties and in accomplishing great good in the community. In the just published Year-Book of the last-named parish we note an interesting summary by the rector, Dr. Greer, regarding medical charity. Commenting upon the new clinic of St. Bartholomew's Church, he reminds us that it was the Council of Nicea which ordered to be erected in every Christian city a public institution for the benefit of the poor; it was a Christian monk who caused the first refuge for the blind to be built; it was a Christian bishop who commanded the first asylum for lepers to be organized; it was a Christian woman who established the first public hospital, and it was a Christian merchant who erected the first free dispensary. Thus it should be remembered, in view of the strong tendency toward the secularization of all charities, but in particular of medical charity, that religion is the source of charity, and particularly the Christian religion is that source. "The Christian religion taught, with strong stress and emphasis, the sacredness of human life, its transcendent worth and value, no matter how degraded or crippled or weak or apparently unimportant the pauper, the slave, the child, the suffering and the sick. From that vivid sense of the value of human life there came the disposition to minister to its needs, not only spiritual, but physical." If, then, it should be asked why the Church should engage in this kind of charitable work, Dr. Greer would answer that Christ healed the sick, and the Christian Church should try to do the work of Christ. Although charity originated in religion, Dr. Greer does well to point out that charity is not religion, and that the Church itself must not separate them. While the Church is, as it should be, actively engaged in physical beneficence, "it must be inspired by a spiritual faith, looking at the things which are seen, and trying to help and improve them, by looking first at the things which are not seen, and ministering thus to the temporal with the consciousness of the eternal."

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Preaching in the Logging Camps As is well known, the State of Minnesota is especially rich in timber lands. During the winter of 1899–1900 over two billion feet of timber were cut in Minnesota, and over twenty thousand men were engaged as "lumber Jacks," or workers

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in the various logging camps. Most of the men are unmarried and have no homes, and are often fifty or a hundred miles away from any civilization. A crew of, say, seventy-five men is able in a half-year to cut and haul out of the forest over seven million feet. Their camps consist of kitchen, dining-room, bunk-house, blacksmith's shop, and several barns. The buildings are, of course, built of logs. Then comes road-construction. Timber is cut, the stumps grubbed out, and the bed graded. The rut-cutter is put on and a rut cut on either side. The ruts are then partly filled with water and allowed to freeze, making a trough on which the runners of the great logging sleds may slide. These runners, eight feet apart, support bunks over sixteen feet across, the sleds hauling the timber to the nearest river. As soon as spring comes, the men commence floating the logs down the river to the first sawmill. One of the most interesting developments of religious life has been in the various missions to the "lumber Jacks." The Rev. Mr. Higgins, of Bemidji, Minn., says that in his six years' experience he never met with anything but kindness from the lumbermen, nor did he ever know religious work to be treated by them other than with respect. He will be glad to give information concerning his interesting labors to any one who addresses him at Bemidji. He rightly believes that there should be a large increase in the number of those willing to preach to the thousands in our lumber camps.

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The Pan-American Exposition: Sunday Closing

Nearly one thousand signatures have been received to the New York Sabbath Committee's petition to the Directors of the Pan-American Exposition to close that fair on Sunday. The appeal is made in accordance with (1) the customs and convictions of the American people; (2) the example which America has set of maintaining the right of labor to its weekly rest; (3) the laws and usages of the State of New York and of other States, as well as of the Federal Government; (4) the welfare of the residents of Buffalo, "now threatened with Sunday excursionists for twenty-six successive weeks." The effect of these excursions, so it is said by the Committee, is viewed with alarm by the Christian people of Buffalo, who foresee that it would require many years for the city to recover morally from such an invasion. They declare that "the Christian Sabbath is one of the civil institutions of the State to which the business and duties of life are by the common law made to conform and adapt themselves," according to Justice Allen in a decision in the Supreme Court of New York. The Committee adds that the precedents of English-speaking people at all previous World's Fairs are on the side of Sunday closing. The Centennial at Philadelphia was never opened on Sunday, and the attempt to open the Chicago Exposition on that day during its later weeks "turned out a disastrous failure," while the Sunday attendance at the Omaha Exposition "was less than one-half of the daily week-day attendance, and barely paid expenses for the whole period." The problem presents serious difficulties. If the Exposition is opened and Sunday trains carry excursionists to it, Buffalo will be without a Sunday for six months, and will lose more than it will gain from the Exposition. If it is closed on Sunday, it will be closed to considerable numbers of citizens, unless they join in a movement, as they easily might do, for a Saturday half-holiday during these six months. The Outlook would like to see this solution attempted. If the Exposition is opened on Sunday at all, the machinery should be stopped and the gates should not be opened till afternoon. The Exposition employees are entitled at least to their Sunday mornings.

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The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty Dead

On Monday of this week a formal announcement was made by Lord Pauncefote to Secretary Hay to the effect that Great Britain was not able to accept the amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty proposed by the United States Senate. It was already understood that this would be the case, and, in fact, the period within which that treaty could be changed by the United States and Great Britain expired on March 4. The only real purpose served by the announcement is definitely to formulate the position of the British Government. If a new treaty is to be negotiated between

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the two countries to take the place of the Clayton-Bulwer convention, the initiative must now come from our side; and, if it is to be the policy of the United States to hold that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is now void, the natural way would be an act to be passed at the next session of Congress. Of course Great Britain considers that the old treaty is still in full force. Reports from Washington indicate that no immediate steps are likely to be taken in the way of negotiations for a new treaty. It is understood that the strongest opposition of the British Government was expressed as regards the Davis amendment relating to the fortification of the canal. We shall comment next week editorially on the effect upon the Isthmian Canal project of the failure of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

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Chicago "Times-Herald" Please Copy

We referred last week to the great importance of knowing accurately what Congress has, with apparently practical unanimity, said to Cuba in order to determine correctly the question whether its utterance is consonant with National honor, and we illustrated our remark by calling attention to the singularly inaccurate report of the action of Congress contained in the editorial pages of the Boston "Herald." We now find a still more extraordinarily inaccurate report of that action in the editorial pages of the Chicago "Times-Herald," which thus summarizes the action of Congress:

1. Supervision of all foreign treaties.
2. Control of Cuba's finances and credit.
3. Indefinite right of intervention.
4. Dictation by the United States in matters pertaining to sanitation.
5. Omission of the Isle of Pines from the delimitation of Cuba's boundaries.
6. Sale or leasing of lands to the United States for naval and coaling stations.

Congress does not propose to supervise any of Cuba's foreign treaties—not one. It asks Cuba to agree by treaty with us not to alienate any of its territory to a foreign power and so impair the independence which we have bought with so great a price.

It does not propose to exercise any control over Cuba's finances and credit—none whatever. It asks Cuba to agree by treaty with us not to involve herself in debts greater than she can pay, by which course she would render her territory liable to seizure for debt and threaten her independence.

It does not ask any indefinite right of intervention. It only asks that Cuba, by treaty with us, shall agree that we may land on her soil if necessary to preserve her independence if it is threatened by either foreign foe or domestic revolution.

It does not offer dictation in matters pertaining to sanitation. It only asks Cuba, by treaty with us, to agree that she will complete the work of sanitation now begun, that her health and ours may not be threatened by continual reappearances and exportations of yellow fever.

The "Times-Herald" has either been inaccurately informed as to the amendment attached to the Army Appropriation Bill, or it has shown itself curiously careless in interpreting that amendment. This is unfortunate. It will eventually tend to create in its readers, not that distrust of Congress which it is its avowed object to create, but distrust of its own impartiality in reporting and interpreting the events of current history. The "Times-Herald" has enjoyed under its present administration an enviable reputation. We regret to see it throwing away this priceless possession in so careless a fashion.

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Face to the Front

There has been some excessive praise of Robert Louis Stevenson's work, and there has been evidence of late of a slight but kindly reaction against the extravagance of some of his admirers, but the more the world knows of Stevenson's pluck and courage the more ready is it to count him among the heroic figures of our race. Much that he wrote is touched by the dash and gallantry of the great ages of adventure, which men love and keep in remembrance in the most quiet and prosperous times; but no story from his hand is half so splendid in sheer bravery as was his later life. In his case, as in every case of disablement and limitation, safety lay in audacity; but it takes a brave man to set his face to the storm and nail his flag to the mast. Stevenson gave not an inch to the forces which strove against him—

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disease, weakness, the near presence of death, the despair which waits on one who has great gifts and is denied place and time in which to use them. He cast himself on a higher power than the destructive forces which surrounded him; there was a deep vein of religion in him; and he fought like a man who is not only indifferent to danger, but hears, ever and anon, the shouts of unseen allies.

With his back to the wall and his rapier in the air, this gallant swordsman fought till the last breath was out of his body. In a remote and alien world he fell, as many another adventurer has fallen in the far south seas, with a hemisphere between the place he called home and the place where he fought, ringed round with merciless foes, his steel flashing in the air like lightning, alert, smiling, and serene until the hand fell from sheer exhaustion. The world loves this kind of audacity; at bottom there is a great faith in it. In an age when so many men and women are filling the air and weakening the courage of others by their cowardly outcries, there is a tonic in such a spirit as Stevenson's. He felt far more deeply than most of the moaning rhymsters and weeping sentimentalists; for he had the sensitiveness and the imagination of genius. His courage did not spring, like that of the Turkish soldier, from nervous stolidity; on the contrary, he was all nerve, sensibility, imagination. He must have faced a thousand times every specter of disease and every shape of death. He was made of the stuff which breeds apprehension and tempts good men to cowardice; but he faced his own temperament as he faced his real perils, with the bare blade in his hands.

These things have been said before about Stevenson; they have been said in these columns; but there will be need to say them until our age recovers from its sickness of egotism, and learns to keep its fears to itself and share its courage with others. They are repeated at this time because they have received fresh illustration from a letter of Stevenson's which has recently come to light:

"For fourteen years," wrote Stevenson the year before his death, "I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic-bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings and the open air over my head."

❀

The Power of the Pulpit

If there is any ground for the current opinion that preaching is losing its power, there is good reason why the preachers should ask themselves what is the secret of the power which preaching has hitherto possessed. What is a sermon? How does it differ from any other form of public speech? Is the difference one of form and circumstance only? Is it a sermon because it is delivered from a pulpit, in a church, by a minister, on a Sunday, after worship, and upon a text? We do not think so. All these circumstances may co-exist and yet the address not deserve to be called a sermon; all may be lacking—it may be delivered from a platform, in a hall, by a layman, on a week-night, without accompanying public worship, and without a text—and still be a sermon.

The preacher is a witness; the sermon is the testimony which he gives. If he has no testimony to give, he may be a lecturer, instructor, orator, theologian—in short, what you will—but he is not a preacher.

Such witnesses certainly were the apostolic preachers. "Ye shall be witnesses" was the language of their commission. The reports given in the Book of Acts of the apostolic sermons illustrate and verify this definition. Many of them were delivered not in synagogues or churches, not with accompanying worship, not on texts of Scripture. But they were testimony to a great historic fact—that Jesus of Nazareth had lived and taught and died and risen from the dead, and by his life, character, teaching, and resurrection was attested as the world deliverer from whom not Judaism only but paganism also had long been looking. In writing to the

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Corinthians Paul thus summarizes this apostolic testimony, and so gives the substance and indicates the essential character of the apostolic preaching: "For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures." And in his General Epistle John writes in similar spirit: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; (for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us;) that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."

But they were not merely witnesses to a historic fact; they were witnesses to the reality of a new, divine, and continuous life. They told the world that the sun was coming back to the summer solstice, and that they were heralds of the spring which he brought with him. This life was in them and they bore witness to it. We *know*, they cried, and therefore have we spoken. They had in themselves a faith which had opened before them a new world and inducted them into it, and they were eager to lead others into the life into which they had been led. The reality and beauty of this life so filled their nature that they could see nothing else and speak of nothing else. They were not philosophers seeking to find a new school, nor orators seeking to robe old and familiar truths with new garments; they were witnesses to a new historic fact and a new vital experience. Sometimes they spoke of it as their own: "I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." Sometimes they spoke of it as the experience of others: "Ye are our epistles known and read of all men."

Whenever in the history of the Church the ministry have been such witnesses to historical and vital Christianity, to Jesus Christ as the source and fountain of a new life, in the world and in themselves, they have had power. Whenever they have ceased to be witnesses, and have become mere teachers of a system of philosophy or of ethics, or mere orators endeavoring by graces of rhetoric and elocution to decorate truth instead of by the power of the Spirit to make it alive, they have lost their power. In the sixteenth century the priests had ceased to be preachers; preaching of any sort was the exception; and such quasi-preaching as existed was founded on tradition and was but the echo of an echo. The Reformation was a rehabilitation of the pulpit, because the Reformed preachers went back to the fountain-head—Christ in history and Christ in experience—and became again witnesses to him and heralds of the life he brings. In the eighteenth century preaching in England had become mere essay-writing, without power because without life. Methodism was a revival of preaching, because the Methodist preachers, despite their illiteracy and lack of culture, were witnesses bearing testimony to the historic truths of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ and to the new life which faith in him creates. All the great preachers in all ages and in all communions—Spurgeon, Finney, Simpson, Beecher, Moody, Brooks—have been such witness-bearers.

There can be no doubt that modern science and philosophy have done much to make faith in Christianity as the great central fact of history, because the source of a new life in society and in the individual, more difficult. There can be no question that the unbelief frankly avowed by some indicates the doubts regretfully entertained by others. The affirmation that He who is the one infinite Force behind all nature's forces, that He who is the Destiny which determines all human history, has entered into a simple peasant life and lived among men that He might let men know who and what He is, must either stagger men into incredulity or surprise them into a new, strange life. If it does neither, it is because the affirmation is not even regarded seriously enough to be called in question. The affirmation that He has thus entered into one human life, that He may enter into all our lives and be one with us in the most intimate of all fellowships, so that He seems to us in our experience to be as food that we eat, a garment that we wear, a tenant that

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dwells in us, a way that we walk in, a husband whose name we take and in whom we lose our life that we may regain it enriched, ennobled, made divine—this is an affirmation which can be justified only by a vivid consciousness of the indwelling of our divine Neighbor and by the manifestation of His life in our living. To believe the first and bear witness to it, to know the second and herald it, this is to preach. Nothing less than this deserves the name or possesses the power of preaching.

❀

A Needed Reform

Five women arrested on a charge of loitering on the streets were arraigned before Magistrate Pool in the Jefferson Market Court yesterday. Three were discharged, and of the remaining two, one was an attractive-appearing girl of about eighteen, who gave her name as Marion Kendall and her address as 269 East Eleventh Street. She was arrested on Saturday night by Detective Schwartz, of the Mercer Street Station, at Fifth Avenue and Thirteenth Street. He saw her speak to several men, he said, and when he arrested her she broke away and ran down Fifth Avenue. The Magistrate asked her what she was doing out at the hour, ten o'clock. She replied that she was here on a visit to an old friend of her mother's, and went out for a little fun.

"I meant no harm, Judge, and was not aware that I was violating the law," she pleaded.

The girl began to cry, and begged the Magistrate to release her, saying that she was going back to her home in Providence to-day, and that he would never see her again.

"You will go to the workhouse for two months unless you can give a bond for your good behavior for that length of time," the Magistrate said.

"I am a good girl, Judge. I was never arrested before, and this will break my mother's heart," cried the prisoner. "Please do not send me to the workhouse."

But Magistrate Pool was obdurate, and the girl was led away. There is no such number as 269 East Eleventh Street.—*New York Times.*

We do not criticise this magistrate. Magistrates are appointed to administer the laws, not to make them. A magistrate cannot discharge a prisoner because she is a pretty girl and cries. Nor can he leave his bench to prosecute personally an investigation into the story any prisoner tells. Nor are the police in New York City the men to conduct such an investigation, even if they could be spared for such a purpose from their other duties.

And yet such a disposition as was made in the case of this girl is a most unsatisfactory disposition. If she is a vicious girl who has taken up with vice as a profession, and endeavored to escape imprisonment by lying, two months in the workhouse is a wholly inadequate treatment. She will not come out reformed; she will only learn to be more cautious in escaping arrest or more astute in excuses. If she is a girl just taking the first steps toward vice, and not yet confirmed in it, or if by any chance her tale was true, and she is simply a wild girl, off on a crazy lark, in the mere ebullition of unrestrained spirits, two months in the workhouse can have no other effect than to make the steps toward vice more easy and natural, and the restraining of her steps toward virtue more difficult. For such a girl society ought to have some better treatment—safer for society, safer for herself.

Society should provide a temporary home for girls arrested on the street. It should provide a matron for such a home, one who could and would inquire into the history, the condition, the character of every girl committed, and form a sane judgment as to whether confinement or release into a free atmosphere under more favorable conditions would give the better hope of cure. The girl just entering a life of vice, or standing on the threshold, might in many a case be returned to her home. The girl who had fairly entered upon such a life, but wished to reform, might be provided presently with a home in the country free from the temptations of city life, and equipped for honorable self-support. And the girl who had deliberately given herself to a life of infamy, having chosen it as a profession, should be committed to some reformatory to remain until she gave satisfactory evidence of reform, and to remain as long as she lived if she never gave such evidence.

Only in some such way as this lies any hope of permanent reform of the social evil in our great cities. It will never be reformed by any scheme of license, of segregation, or of occasional fines and imprisonment. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union could undertake no better work than the organization of a reform in some one of our States conducted along these lines of reformation.

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The Spectator

For no reason in particular, except perhaps that its author is said to be the only officer still living who escaped the outbreak at Delhi, the Spectator picked up the other day Colonel Vibart's reminiscences of "The Sepoy Mutiny." The heading of one chapter immediately caught his eye—"How the Electric Telegraph Saved India." For one thing, the Spectator had forgotten that they had any telegraph at all as long ago as 1857, and, for another, he asked himself, What sort of a telegraph is a non-electric telegraph? Of course the Spectator remembered enough of his college Greek to know that "far-writing" did not necessarily imply electricity, and equally of course he went straight to his dictionary, where the noun "telegraph" is defined as "any apparatus or device for transmitting messages or signals to a distance," as, for example, signaling by lanterns. Looking down a little further, he found that the "pneumatic telegraph" is still in use on some steamboats, it being a device for signaling from the pilot-house to the engine-room by means of compressed air. Thus the dictionary vindicates Colonel Vibart against a charge of tautology, at least in the literal sense. In this connection the Spectator cleared up a certain impression he had long been under that "graphic" in the sense of "vivid," as where one speaks of a "graphic writer," is curiously open to the charge, as if one were to say a "writing writer." He forgot that writing need not necessarily be the use of words made out of the combination of letters. Not to instance what is strictly picture-writing, the Chinese alphabet itself was originally, as Max Müller has pointed out, a hieroglyphic system.

❀

As doubtless a goodly number of his readers have not seen Colonel Vibart's book, the Spectator may note in passing that two boys saved India by the "electric telegraph." The chief operator at Delhi was away on the morning when the mutiny broke out. One of these young assistants sent out early a rumor, somewhat incoherent, "mere signaler's chatter," the book calls it, of what was taking place. Later, the other boy, by the help of some soldiers, bravely made his way back to the office and transmitted the short statement of an officer. Thus the secret, swift communications of the natives were anticipated, and the authorities at important points were able to disarm the sepoys before the signal reached them to join the mutiny.

❀

Incidentally Colonel Vibart's headline started the Spectator on what Eugene Wrayburn used to call "the pleasures of the chase"—the pursuit of the curious use of words. He remembered very well the first such unusual use which struck him as "funny," as it did the "grown-ups," when he was a boy of seven or eight. His mother asked a maid ("the girl" they then called her in those unsophisticated New England days), a recent arrival from Ireland, to go out into the back yard and "split some kindlers." She seemed nonplused, but, at last catching the idea after an explanation, said yes, she would "cut a little timber." The house was indeed in a country village, but there was no forest within a number of miles. This suggested to the Spectator's wife that after the baby's arrival the first nurse, who was a Yankee, called the baby-carriage "a buggy;" the second, who was Swedish, always spoke of it as "the tram," probably because it ran so smoothly; while the third, who was "truly English," never referred to it by any less impressive name than "the perambulator." This suggested to a friend, who chanced to be present when this little domestic experience was related, a curious experience in England. It was at a small inn where he asked for a room for the night. The landlady said she could accommodate him, but wanted to know whether he desired "a mattress" or "a bed." The Spectator laughed, and acknowledged offhand that he had no idea what a bed without a mattress could be. His wife, with a naturally quicker wit for a housekeeping distinction, said at once that it must be a choice between a feather bed and a mattress—which it was. This friend, who is a professor at a university situated in a country town off "the main line" of railroad, had the pleasure of entertaining Matthew Arnold when he was last in this country. The "branch" train arrived, but there was no Mr. Arnold.

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The expecting host telegraphed to New York and to the "junction," but, learning nothing, gave Mr. Arnold up. He arrived, however, some hours later. He missed connections at the junction, and, finding that the distance was only a matter of fifteen miles, decided, English fashion, to walk it. "But," he added, "I had gone only a short distance when a kind-hearted man drove along and offered me a ride, so I came the rest of the way in a timber-wain"—a vehicle that for the moment "stumped" the host and his family circle. Mr. Arnold meant a lumber-wagon. The Standard Dictionary, by the way, classes "wain" as "archaic," a classification that would have amusingly irritated Mr. Arnold were he alive to see and apply it.

❀

The conversation naturally drifted to the clever turns of words and quotations which one expects of college professors, often to be disappointed. One in the circle recalled that the late William D. Whitney, of Yale, the philologist, was fond of puzzling his family by punning in some foreign tongue. Once, when a young woman, a guest at his house, was to dance a german with a Mr. Ferry, the professor hoped, as she said good-night to him, that she would not find her partner "too bear(-)ish." The guest was unequal to discovering the pun, but a well-trained daughter immediately quoted "ferre," the infinitive of the Latin verb "to bear." This suggested to the professor the readiness in apt quotation of a colleague, Dr. Blank, an authority in English. One day, while playing tennis, his opponent started to serve out of turn. "You ought to serve, doctor," said some one standing by. "He also serves who only stands and waits," was the quick reply. At this point the Spectator took down that very entertaining book, "Collections and Recollections," a book the Spectator finds by no means so familiar as it ought to be with lovers of bright chat about notable people. Its author, by the way, is Mr. George W. E. Russell, nephew of Lord John Russell. The first of Mr. Russell's stories quoted by the Spectator (both of them illustrate Sir William Harcourt's quickness) was that of the quotation made to Lord Tennyson upon the poet saying that the pipe he smoked after breakfast was the most enjoyable of the day:

"The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds."

"Some historians say," adds Mr. Russell, "that he substituted 'bards' for 'birds,' and the reception accorded by the poet to the parody was not as cordial as its excellence deserved." The other story is perhaps even better, though its subject, Sir Rainald Knightley—"the living double of Dickens's Sir Leicester Dedlock"—is not known on this side of the Atlantic. Sir Rainald "had been expatiating after dinner on the undoubted glories of his famous pedigree," to the general boredom of the company, when Harcourt was heard to say in an appreciative aside, "This reminds of Addison's evening hymn:

"'And Knightley to the listening earth
Repeats the story of his birth.'"

❀

The professor told the concluding story of the evening. It was a case of sad personal experience on a lecture tour—an encounter with that serious literalness of mind which disqualifies an auditor from enjoying an aside and gives pause to a lecturer when he contemplates a minor departure. The lecture was historical, on the United States Supreme Court, and incidentally the professor passed on an anecdote of Marshall and Story to give a little human touch to their personalities. These two eminent jurists, so the tradition says, decided that they would not indulge their habit of taking the mutual drink—a pledge to "swear off," in modern phrase—until it rained. As such things go, there followed a prolonged drought. One day, when the dry earth gave out clouds of dust and not a speck of sky cloud was to be seen, Justice Story remarked, after a hopeless glance out of the window: "Mr. Chief Justice, it must be raining somewhere in our jurisdiction"—in the United States—and the two jurists suited the action to the word. The audience was amused and showed it, which was all the thought the professor gave to the matter—a great mistake on his part. Some weeks after he received a lengthy letter of protest from the person of serious literalness, detailing how history had been ransacked to disprove the imputation of Story's excess, and how a letter to a Harvard professor had failed to produce such a tradition even of his student days.

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN[1]

An Autobiography

BY JACOB A. RIIS

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," "A Ten Years' War," etc., etc.

Chapter II.—First Days in America

THE steamer Iowa, from Glasgow, made port, after a long and stormy voyage, on Whitsunday, 1870. She had come up during the night, and cast anchor off Castle Garden. It was a beautiful spring morning, and as I looked over the rail at the miles of straight streets, the green heights of Brooklyn, and the stir of ferryboats and pleasure craft on the river, my hopes rose high that somewhere in this teeming hive there would be a place for me. What kind of a place I had myself no clear notion of. I would let that work out as it could. Of course I had my trade to fall back on, but I am afraid that is all the use I thought of putting it to. The love of change belongs to youth, and I meant to take a hand in things as they came along. I had a pair of strong hands, and stubbornness enough to do for two; also a strong belief that in a free country, free from the dominion of custom, of caste, as well as of men, things would somehow come right in the end, and a man get shaken into the corner where he belonged if he took a hand in the game. I think I was right in that. If it took a lot of shaking to get me where I belonged, that was just what I needed. Even my mother admits that now. To tell the truth, I was tired of hammer and saw. They were indissolubly bound up with my dreams of Elizabeth that were now gone to smash. Therefore I hated them. And straightway, remembering that the day was her birthday, and accepting the fact as a good omen, I rebuilt my air-castles and resolved to try on a new tack. So irrational is human nature at twenty-one, when in love. And isn't it good that it is?

In all of which I have made no account of a factor which is at the bottom of half our troubles with our immigrant population, so far as they are not of our own making: the loss of reckoning that follows uprooting; the cutting loose from all sense of responsibility, with the old standards gone, that makes the politician's job so profitable in our large cities, and that of the patriot and the housekeeper so wearisome. We all know the process. The immigrant has no patent on it. It afflicts the native too, when he goes to a town where he is not known. In the slum it reaches its climax in the second generation, and makes of the Irishman's and the Italian's boys the "toughs" who fight the battles of Hell's Kitchen and Frog Hollow. It simply means that we are creatures of environment, that a man everywhere is largely what his neighbors and his children think him to be, and that government makes for our moral good too, dreamers and anarchists to the contrary notwithstanding. But, simple as it is, it has been too long neglected for the safety of the man and of the State. I am not going to discuss here plans for mending this neglect, but I can think of three that would work; one of them does work, if not up to the top notch—the public school. In its ultimate development as the neighborhood center of things, I would have that the first care of city government, always and everywhere, at whatever expense. An efficient parish districting is another. I think we are coming to that. The last is a rigid annual enrollment—the school census is good, but not good enough—for vaccination purposes, jury duty, for military purposes if you please. I do not mean for conscription, but for the ascertainment of the fighting strength of the State in case of need—for anything that would serve as an excuse. It is the enrollment itself that I think would have a good effect in making the man feel that he was counted on for something; that he belonged, as it were, instead of standing idle and watching a procession go by, in which there was no place for

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him; which is only another way of saying that it is his right to harass it and levy tribute as he can. The enrollment for voting comes too late. By that time he may have joined the looters' army.

So as properly to take my own place in the procession, if not in the army referred to, as I conceived the custom of the country to be, I made it my first business to buy a navy revolver of the largest size, investing in the purchase exactly one-half of my capital. I strapped the weapon on the outside of my coat and strode up Broadway, conscious that I was following the fashion of the country. I knew it upon the authority of a man who had been there before me and had returned, a gold digger in the early days of California; but America was America to us. We knew no distinction of West and East. By rights there ought to have been buffaloes and red Indians charging up and down Broadway. I am sorry to say that it is easier even to-day to make lots of people over there believe that, than that New York is paved, and lighted with electric lights, and quite as civilized as Copenhagen. They will have it that it is in the wilds. I saw none of the signs of this, but I encountered a friendly policeman, who, sizing me and my pistol up, tapped it gently with his club and advised me to leave it home, or I might get robbed of it. This, at first blush, seemed to confirm my apprehensions; but he was a very nice policeman, and took time to explain, seeing that I was very green. And I took his advice and put the revolver away, really relieved to get rid of it. It was quite heavy to carry around.

I had letters to the Danish Consul and to the President of the American Banknote Company, Mr. Goodall. I think perhaps he was not then the president, but became so afterward. Mr. Goodall had once been wrecked on the Danish coast and rescued by the captain of the life-saving crew, a friend of my family. But they were both in Europe, and in just four days I realized that there was no special public clamor for my services in New York, and decided to go West. A missionary in Castle Garden was getting up a gang of men for the Brady's Bend Iron Works on the Alleghany River, and I went along. We started a full score, with tickets paid, but only two of us reached the Bend. The rest calmly deserted in Pittsburg and went their own way. Now here was an instance of what I have just been talking about. Not one of them, probably, would have thought of doing it on the other side. They would have carried out their contract as a matter of course. Here they broke it as a matter of course, the minute it didn't suit them to go on. Two of them had been on our steamer, and the thought of them makes me laugh even now. One was a Dane who carried an immense knapsack which was filled with sausages, cheese, and grub of all kinds when he came aboard. He never let go of it for a moment on the voyage. In storm and sunshine he was there, shouldering his knapsack. I think he slept with it. When I last saw him hobbling down a side street in Pittsburg, he carried it still, but one end of it hung limp and hungry, and the other was as lean as a bad year. The other voyager was a jovial Swede whose sole baggage consisted of an old flint-lock musket, a blackthorn stick, and a barometer glass, tied up together. The glass, he explained, was worth keeping; it might some day make an elegant ruler. The fellow was a blacksmith, and I mistrust that he could not write.

Adler and I went on to Brady's Bend. Adler was a big, explosive German who had been a reserve officer, I think, in the Prussian army. Fate had linked us together when on the steamer the meat served in the steerage became so bad as to offend not only our palates, but our sense of smell. We got up a demonstration, marching to see the captain in a body, Adler and I carrying a tray of the objectionable meat between us. As the spokesman, I presented the case briefly and respectfully, and all would have gone well had not the hot blood of Adler risen at the wrong moment, when the captain was cautiously exploring the scent of the rejected food. With a sudden upward jerk he caused that official's nose to disappear momentarily in the dish, while he exploded in voluble German. The result was an instant rupture of diplomatic relations. Adler was put in the lock-up, but set free again immediately. He spent the rest of the voyage in his bunk shouting dire threats of disaster impending from the "Norddeutsche Consul," once he reached New

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York. But we were all too glad to get ashore to think of vengeance then.

Adler found work at the blast-furnace, while I was set to building huts for the miners on the east bank of the river where a clearing had been made and called East Brady. On the other side of the Alleghany the furnaces and rolling-mills were hidden away in a narrow, winding valley that set back into the forest-clad hills, growing deeper and narrower with every mile. It was to me, who had been used to seeing the sun rise and set over a level plain where the winds of heaven blew as they listed, from the first like a prison. I climbed the hills only to find that there were bigger hills beyond—an endless sea of swelling billows of green without a clearing in it. I spent all Sunday roaming through it miles and miles, to find an outlook from which I might see the end, but there was none. A horrible fit of homesickness came upon me. The days I managed to get through by working hard and making observations on the American language. In this I had a volunteer assistant in Julia, the pretty, barefooted daughter of a coal-miner, who hung around and took an interest in what was going on. But she disappeared after I had asked her to explain what setting one's cap for any one meant. I was curious because I had heard her mother say to a neighbor that Julia was doing that to me. But the evenings were very lonesome. The girl in our boarding-house washed dishes always to one tune, "The Letter that Never Came." It was not a cheerful tune and not a cheerful subject, for I had had no news from home since I left. I can hear her yet, shrieking and clattering her dishes, with the frogs yelling accompaniment in the creek that mumbled in the valley. I never could abide American frogs since. There is rest in the ko-ax, ko-ax! of its European brother, but the breathless yi! yi! of our American frogs makes me feel always as if I wanted to die—which I don't.

In making the clearing, I first saw an American wood-cutter swing an ax, and the sight filled me with admiration for the man and the ax both. It was a "double-bitter," and he a typical long-armed and long-limbed backwoodsman. I had also learned to use the ax, but anything like the way he swung it, first over one, then over the other shoulder, making it tell in long, clean cuts at every blow, I had never dreamt of. It was splendid. I wished myself back in Copenhagen just long enough to tell the numskulls there, who were distrustful of American tools, which were just beginning to come into the market, that they didn't know what they were talking about. Of course it was reasonable that the good tools should come from the country where they had good use for them.

There was a settlement of honest Welshmen in the back hills, and the rumor that a Dane had come into the valley reached it in due course. It brought down a company of four sturdy miners, who trudged five miles over bad land of a Sunday to see what I was like. The Danes who live in Welsh song and story must have been grievous giants, for they were greatly disgusted at the sight of me, and spoke their minds about it without reserve, even with some severity, as if I were guilty of some sort of an imposition on the valley.

It could hardly have been this introduction that tempted me to try coal-mining. I have forgotten how it came about—probably through some temporary slackness in the building trade; but I did try, and one day was enough for me. The company mined its own coal. Such as it was, it cropped out of the hills right and left in narrow veins, sometimes too shallow to work, seldom affording more space to the digger than barely enough to permit him to stand upright. You did not go down through a shaft, but straight in through the side of a hill to the bowels of the mountain, following a track on which a little donkey drew the coal to the mouth of the mine and sent it down the incline to run up and down a hill a mile or more by its own gravity before it reached the place of unloading. Through one of these we marched in, Adler and I, one summer morning, with new pickaxes on our shoulders and nasty little oil lamps fixed in our hats to light us through the darkness where every second we stumbled over chunks of slate rock or into pools of water that oozed through from above. An old miner whose way lay past the fork in the tunnel where our lead began showed us how to use our picks, and the timbers to brace the slate that roofed over the vein,

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and left us to ourselves in a chamber perhaps ten feet wide and the height of a man.

We were to be paid by the ton, I forget how much, but it was very little, and we lost no time getting to work. We had to dig away the coal at the floor with our picks, lying on our knees to do it, and afterward drive wedges under the roof to loosen the mass. It was hard work, and, entirely inexperienced as we were, we made but little headway. As the day wore on, the darkness and silence grew very oppressive, and made us start nervously at the least thing. The sudden arrival of our donkey with its cart gave me a dreadful fright. The friendly beast greeted us with a joyous bray and rubbed its shaggy sides against us in the most companionable way. In the flickering light of my lamp I caught sight of its long ears waving over me—I don't believe I had seen three donkeys before in my life; there were none where I came from—and heard that demoniac shriek, and I verily believe I thought the evil one had come for me in person. I know that I nearly fainted.

That donkey was a discerning animal. I think it knew when it first set eyes on us that we were not going to overwork it; and we didn't. When, toward evening, we quit work, after narrowly escaping being killed by a large stone that fell from the roof in consequence of our neglect to brace it up properly, our united efforts had resulted in barely filling two of the little carts, and we had earned, if I recollect aright, something like sixty cents each. The fall of the roof robbed us of all desire to try mining again. It knocked the lamps from our hats, and, in darkness that could almost be felt, we groped our way back to the light along the track, getting more badly frightened as we went. I think we ran at last, holding each other's hands as though we were not men and miners, but two frightened children in the dark.

As we emerged from the damp gap in the mountain side, the sunset was upon the hills. Peaceful sounds came up from the valley where the shadows lay deep. Gangs of men were going home from the day's toil to their evening rest. It seemed to me that I had been dead and had come back to life. The world was never so wondrous fair. My companion stood looking out over the landscape with hungry eyes. Neither of us spoke, but when the last gleam had died out in the window of the stone church we went straight to the company's store and gave up our picks. I have never set foot in a coal-mine since, and have not the least desire to do so.

I was back in the harness of the carpenter-shop when, in the middle of July, the news struck down in our quiet community like a bombshell that France had declared war on Prussia; also that Denmark was expected to join her forces to those of her old ally and take revenge for the great robbery of 1864. I dropped my tools the moment I heard it, and flew rather than ran to the company's office to demand my time; thence to our boarding-house to pack. Adler reasoned and entreated, called it an insane notion, but, when he saw that nothing would stop me, lent a hand in stuffing my trunk, praying pathetically between pulls that his countrymen would make short work of me, as they certainly would of France. I heeded nothing. All the hot blood of youth was surging through me. I remembered the defeat, the humiliation of the flag I loved —aye! and love yet, for there is no flag like the flag of my fathers, save only that of my children and of my manhood—and I remembered, too, Elizabeth, with a sudden hope. I would be near her then, and I would earn fame and glory. The carpenter would come back with shoulder-straps. Perhaps then, in the castle . . . I shouldered my trunk and ran for the station. Such tools, clothes, and things as it would not hold I sold for what they would fetch, and boarded the next train for Buffalo, which was as far as my money would take me.

I cannot resist the temptation at this point to carry the story thirty years forward to last winter, in order to point out one of the queer happenings which long ago caused me to be known to my friends as "the man of coincidences." I have long since ceased to consider them as such, though in this one there is no other present significance than that it decided a point which I had been turning over in my own mind, of moment to me and my publisher. I was lecturing in Pittsburg at the time, and ran up to take another

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look at Brady's Bend. I found the valley deserted and dead. The mills were gone. Disaster had overtaken them in the panic of 1873, and all that remained of the huge plant was a tottering stump of the chimney and clusters of vacant houses dropping to pieces here and there. Young trees grew out of the cold ashes of the blast-furnace. All about was desolation. Strolling down by the river with the editor of the local paper in East Brady, which had grown into a slow little railroad town, my eye fell upon a wrecked hut in which I recognized the company's office. The shutters were gone, the door hung on one hinge, and the stairs had rotted away, but we climbed in somehow. It was an idle quest, said my companion; all the books and papers had been sold the summer before to a Pittsburg junkman, who came with a cart and pitchforked them into it as so much waste paper. His trail was plain within. The floor was littered with torn maps and newspapers from the second term of President Grant. In a rubbish-heap I kicked against something more solid and picked it up. It was the only book left in the place: the "draw-book" for the years 1870–72; and almost the first name I read was my own, as having received, on July 19, 1870, $10.63 in settlement of my account with the Brady's Bend Company, when I started for the war. My companion stared. I wrapped up the book and took it away with me. I considered that I had a moral right to it; but if anybody questions it, I have it yet.

Buffalo was full of Frenchmen, but they did not receive me with a torchlight procession. They even shrugged their shoulders when good old Pater Bretton took up my cause and tried to get me forwarded at least to New York. The one patriot I found to applaud my high resolve was a French pawnbroker, who, with many compliments and shoulder-pattings, took my trunk and all its contents, after I had paid my board out of it, in exchange for a ticket to New York. He took my watch too, but that didn't keep time. I remember seeing my brush go with a grim smile. Having no clothes to brush, I had no need of it any longer. That pawnbroker was an artist. The year after, when I was in Buffalo again, it occurred to me to go in and see if I could get back any of my belongings. I was just a bit ashamed of myself, and represented that I was a brother of the young hothead who had gone to the war. I thought I discovered a pair of trousers that had been mine hanging up in his store, but the Frenchman was quicker than I. His eyes followed mine, and he took instant umbrage:

"So your brother vas one shump, vas he?" he yelled. "Your brother vas a long sight better man zan you, mine frient. He go fight for la France. You stay here. Get out!" And he put me out, and saved the day and the trousers.

It was never a good plan for me to lie. It never did work out right, not once. I have found the only safe plan to be to stick to the truth and let the house come down if it must. It will come down anyhow.

I reached New York with just one cent in my pocket, and put up at a boarding-house where the charge was one dollar a day. In this no moral obliquity was involved. I had simply reached the goal for which I had sacrificed all, and felt sure that the French people or the Danish Consul would do the rest quickly. But there was evidently something wrong somewhere. The Danish Consul could only register my demand to be returned to Denmark in the event of war. They have my letter to that effect there yet, he tells me. The French were fitting out no volunteer army that I could get on the track of, and nobody was paying the passage of fighting men. The end of it was that, after pawning my revolver and my top-boots, the only valuable possessions I had left, to pay for my lodging, I was thrown on the street, and told to come back when I had more money. That night I wandered about New York with a gripsack that had only a linen duster and a pair of socks in it, turning over in my mind what to do next. Toward midnight I passed a house in Clinton Place that was lighted up festively. Laughter and the hum of many voices came from within. I listened. They spoke French. A society of Frenchmen having their annual dinner, the watchman in the block told me. There at last was my chance. I went up the steps and rang the bell. A flunkey in a dress-suit opened, but when he saw that I was not a guest, but to all appearances a tramp, he tried to put me out. I on my part

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tried to explain. There was an altercation, and two gentlemen of the society appeared. They listened impatiently to what I had to say, then without a word thrust me into the street and slammed the door in my face.

It was too much. Inwardly raging, I shook the dust of the city from my feet, and took the most direct route out of it, straight up Third Avenue. I walked till the stars in the east began to pale, and then climbed into a wagon that stood at the curb to sleep. I did not notice that it was a milk-wagon. The sun had not risen yet when the driver came, unceremoniously dragged me out by the feet, and dumped me into the gutter. On I went with my gripsack, straight ahead, until toward noon I reached Fordham College, famished and footsore. I had eaten nothing since the previous day, and had vainly tried to make a bath in the Bronx River do for breakfast. Not yet could I cheat my stomach that way.

The college gates were open, and I strolled wearily in, without aim or purpose. On a lawn some young men were engaged in athletic exercises, and I stopped to look and admire the beautiful shade-trees and the imposing building. So at least it seems to me at this distance. An old monk in a cowl, whose noble face I sometimes recall in my dreams, came over and asked kindly if I was not hungry. I was in all conscience fearfully hungry, and I said so, though I did not mean to. I had never seen a real live monk before, and my Lutheran training had not exactly inclined me in their favor. I ate of the food set before me, not without qualms of conscience, and with a secret suspicion that I would next be asked to abjure my faith, or at least do homage to the Virgin Mary, which I was firmly resolved not to do. But when, the meal finished, I was sent on my way with enough to do me for supper, without the least allusion having been made to my soul, I felt heartily ashamed of myself. I am just as good a Protestant as I ever was. Among my own I am a kind of heretic even, because I cannot put up with the apostolic succession; but I have no quarrel with the excellent charities of the Roman Church, or with their noble spirit and management. I learned that lesson at Fordham thirty years ago.

Up the railroad track I went, and at night hired out to a truck-farmer, with the freedom of his haymow for my sleeping quarters. But when I had hoed cucumbers three days in a scorching sun, till my back ached as if it were going to break, and the farmer guessed that he would call it square for three shillings, I went further. A man is not necessarily a philanthropist, it seems, because he tills the soil. I did not hire out again. I did odd jobs to earn my meals, and slept in the fields at night, still turning over in my mind how to get across the sea. An incident of those wanderings comes to mind while I am writing. They were carting in hay, and when night came on, somewhere about Mount Vernon, I gathered an armful of wisps that had fallen from the loads, and made a bed for myself in a wagon-shed by the roadside. In the middle of the night I was awakened by a loud outcry. A fierce light shone in my face. It was the lamp of a carriage that had been driven into the shed. I was lying between the horse's feet unhurt. A gentleman sprang from the carriage, more frightened than I, and bent over me. When he found that I had suffered no injury, he put his hand in his pocket and held out a silver quarter.

"Go," he said, "and drink it up."

"Drink it up yourself!" I shouted, angrily. "What do you take me for?"

They were rather high heroics, seeing where I was, but he saw nothing to laugh at. He looked earnestly at me for a moment, then held out his hand and shook mine heartily. "I believe you," he said; "yet you need it, or you would not sleep here. Now will you take it from me?" And I took the money.

The next day it rained, and the next day after that, and I footed it back to the city, still on my vain quest. A quarter is not a great capital to subsist on in New York when one is not a beggar and has no friends. Two days of it drove me out again to find at least the food to keep me alive; but in those two days I met the man who, long years after, was to be my honored chief, Charles A. Dana, the editor of the "Sun." There had been an item in the "Sun" about a volunteer regiment being fitted out for France. I went up to the office, and was admitted to Mr. Dana's presence. I fancy I must

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have appealed to his sense of the ludicrous, dressed in top-boots and a linen duster much the worse for wear, and demanding to be sent out to fight. He knew nothing about recruiting. Was I French? No, Danish; it had been in his paper about the regiment. He smiled a little at my faith, and said editors sometimes did not know about everything that was in their papers. I turned to go, grievously disappointed, but he called me back.

"Have you," he said, looking searchingly at me, "have you had your breakfast?"

No, God knows that I had not; neither that day nor for many days before. That was one of the things I had at last learned to consider among the superfluities of an effete civilization. I suppose I had no need of telling it to him, for it was plain to read in my face. He put his hand in his pocket.

"There," he said, "go and get your breakfast; and better give up the war."

Give up the war! and for a breakfast. I spurned the dollar hotly.

"I came here to enlist, not to beg money for breakfast," I said, and strode out of the office, my head in the air but my stomach crying out miserably in rebellion against my pride. I revenged myself upon it by leaving my top-boots with the "uncle" who was my only friend and relative here, and filling my stomach upon the proceeds. I had one good dinner anyhow, for when I got through there was only twenty-five cents left of the dollar I borrowed upon my last article of "dress." That I paid for a ticket to Perth Amboy, near which place I found work in Pfeiffer's clay-bank.

Pfeiffer was a German, but his wife was Irish and so were his hands, all except a giant Norwegian and myself. The third day was Sunday, and was devoted to drinking much beer, which Pfeiffer, with an eye to business, furnished on the premises. When they were drunk, the tribe turned upon the Norwegian and threw him out. It seems that this was a regular weekly occurrence. Me they fired out at the same time, but afterward paid no attention to me. The whole crew of them perched on the Norwegian and belabored him with broomsticks and bale-sticks until they roused the sleeping Berserk in him. Then he arose with a shriek, tossed them aside as if they were so much chaff, battered down the door of the house in which they took refuge, and threw them all, Mrs. Pfeiffer included, through the window. They were not hurt, and within two hours they were drinking more beer together and swearing at one another endearingly. I concluded that I had better go on, though Mr. Pfeiffer regretted that he never paid his hands in the middle of the month. It appeared afterward that he objected likewise to paying them at the end of the month, or at the beginning of the next. He owes me two days' wages yet.

[To be continued in the April Magazine Number]

On Reading "Fisherman's Luck"

By H. D. Rawnsley

When all the blue is sucked from out the skies,
And on my luck dark Fortune seems to frown;
When I am weary of the roaring town,
The Broadway clamor and the Bowery's cries,
Then I unlock this door of Paradise
Wherein I make more tranquil worlds mine own,
Sweet as the breath from meadows newly mown,
Glad as the spring that comes with fresh surprise.
Far hence the fragrant forests I explore,
Follow fair streams in all their changeful moods,
Sing with the dawn, am silent with the noon,
Feel the still starlit evening's balm and boon,
And, freed with freedom of the ancient woods,
Am wise with Nature's philosophic lore.

The Vicarage, Keswick.

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Why the Chinese Dislike Foreigners

III.—Roman Catholics in China

By Arthur H. Smith

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in China

FOR a Protestant missionary to discuss impartially the causes of Chinese animosity to foreigners, and to Roman Catholics in particular, may be considered difficult, owing to his liability to be influenced by what Herbert Spencer calls "the bias of class." There is another embarrassment, however, far more serious, which it is impossible to escape. In any controversy it is important to hear both sides before coming to a decision. But the Chinese side of their differences with the Catholics is the only side of which, as a rule, foreigners in China outside of that Church ever hear anything. It is the more necessary, therefore, to exercise caution in the examination of a subject some of the elements in which are unknown, and the conclusion at which we may arrive will be one of probability rather than of demonstrated certainty. There is a considerable literature dealing more or less directly with the subject, and those who wish for a fuller discussion than the mere outline here alone possible may find material in numerous special works upon China, in books of travel, and in the current periodical literature of the Far East. In addition to the excellent essays of the Rev. Gilbert Reid referred to in the last paper, mention may be made of two pamphlets by Mr. Alexander Michie, recently republished in book form in the United States with the title "China and Christianity," which, while suggestive and free from partisanship, prove nothing, lead nowhere, and are as full of unproved assumptions as a shad is of small bones. To a friend who remarked to him that many of his arguments are very easily answered, the author genially replied that he was quite aware of it, and had some thoughts of replying to them himself!

One of the important documents in the comprehension of this theme is a Memorandum or Circular of the Chinese Government through the Tsung-Li-Yamen, communicated to the French Chargé d'Affaires in the year 1871. It is printed in full in Mr. Michie's book, and a brief summary of its conclusions may be found in Mr. Frederick Williams's "History of China." This paper is said to have been prepared by Wen-Hsiang, "the most liberal, fair, and open-minded Minister that has ever been in the Foreign Board." Mr. Michie thinks it "almost the only example of true initiative with which it can be credited." It by no means follows, because a formal set of charges is made in a Chinese state paper, that the allegations are true; yet when they are incorporated in a minute prepared by a man of the type of Wen-Hsiang, and communicated to the French Government in a friendly manner at a time when there is no specific case pending, and with the avowed object of preventing the recurrence of a disaster such as the Tientsin massacre (which had just happened), the presumption is that the Chinese Government believed the statements to be facts. I am not aware that the specific instances quoted have been disproved, as after the lapse of nearly thirty years they still continue to be cited in every fresh discussion of the subject. The Memorandum suggests eight rules by the observance of which the difficulties already experienced might be done away with, and each is supported by alleged instances of Roman Catholic aggression. The whole paper is directed at that Church, the Protestant Churches at that time not having assumed sufficient prominence to be an object of governmental notice. The foreign Ministers, for the most part, delayed their replies for such a length of time that there were, unfortunately, no practical results from the presentation of the Circular, but it remains a landmark in the history of missionary relations with China. Without examining in detail the specific recommendations of the Yamen (which would occupy too much space), it will be sufficient to cite passages

[1] Copyright, 1901, the Outlook Company. In The Outlook for February 16 will be found the article by Dr. Smith on "Protestants in China."

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here and there, while summarizing what we suppose to be the grounds upon which the Roman Catholic Church is specially disliked by the Chinese. In the first place, it is believed to have a political aim, and to be itself a political agent. This ineradicable conviction dates back to the days of the early emperors of the present dynasty, even if it were not held by the Mings. It was directly connected with the decision of the Pope against the authority of the greatest monarch who ever occupied the throne of China, that the rites involved in ancestral worship are idolatrous, and therefore interdicted; whereas K'ang-Hsi himself expressly declared that these rites were civil and in no way religious. The fact that several Pontiffs had successively boxed the compass on this point did not in the least mend the matter; the essential consideration was that an Italian gentleman assumed, and successfully assumed, to tell the subjects of the Emperor of China that the Emperor was wrong on a technical matter of Chinese interpretation. K'ang-Hsi was scarcely buried before his son and successor proceeded to set in motion the persecuting powers of the State against the Catholics, and these persecutions have been going on with intermittent sequence ever since. This fact of itself absolutely negatives the facile supposition that Roman Catholic aggressions are the *main* feature in the present troubles. To prove too much is to prove nothing. The Chinese are shrewd observers, and they have seen that the presence of a Roman Catholic Bishop in Annam was the thin end of a wedge which has split that country in twain, and brought a part of it under the domination of France. They know that France expelled the Jesuits from her own borders, and that France is the protector of Jesuit and other Catholic missions in China, and they have good ground to suppose that for this significant fact there are substantial reasons.

There is no country where the line between the officials and the people is more sharply drawn than in China. The Roman Catholic Church is a mighty and an ancient hierarchy, and from the point of view of its representatives it is probably not only natural but inevitable that those who wield powers so absolute should openly and universally assume them. Thus the bishops, the spiritual rulers of the whole of a broad province, adopt the rank of a Chinese Governor, and wear a button on their caps indicative of that fact, traveling in a chair with the number of bearers appropriate to that rank, with outriders and attendants on foot, an umbrella of honor borne in front, and a cannon discharged upon their arrival and departure. Into these details the Tsung-Li-Yamen Circular does not go, but it especially objects to the use of official seals as a mark of rank, citing cases of their employment. All this, and much else, is a part of the settled policy of the Church, and not an accident of this place or of that, and it is a policy which is in many ways repellent to Chinese pride and repugnant to their sense of propriety and fitness. Officials of whatever rank, in whose jurisdiction these ostentatious claims are perpetually made, naturally feel and are at no pains to conceal a jealousy which is all the more difficult to combat because founded in reason.

By the steady pressure of the French Legation, the claims which the Church has always made for itself were on the 15th of March, 1889, officially granted by the Chinese Government. The edict then issued gave a political status to the ecclesiastics of the Church of a far-reaching character.

As soon as these great concessions became known, there ensued a vigorous discussion among the Protestant missionaries in China as to what *they* were to do in the premises, since it was reported to be the wish of the Chinese Government that a privilege which, for reasons best known to themselves, they had been induced to grant to one set of missionaries, should not be held as a monopoly by them alone. There is to Protestantism no head-center, and no one is authorized to speak for all branches, or even for any one branch, of the Church; but the consensus was remarkable that this is a most dangerous privilege, and one which is certain to be abused and which is inconsistent with the simplicity and the purity of the Protestant Churches.

To realize the nature of the stupendous power thus placed in the hands of Catholic missionaries, it is necessary to take account of a second and cognate reason for Chinese dislike of their organization.

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In an edict issued nearly ten years before the Memorandum of the Yamen occur the words: "The foreign missionary is not an official, and cannot interfere in public affairs." But the Memorandum a decade afterwards charges that they do thus interfere: "From the information which the Prince and the Yamen have gathered [respecting the duties imposed upon them by their priesthood], these persons [seem to] found, as it were, among us an undetermined number of States within the State." This means that the Church takes the direction of the acts of the convert, sometimes against the orders of his immediate magistrate, making him feel that his primary allegiance is to the Church, which saves his soul, rather than to the State. This is not given as the Roman Catholic version of the duties of Chinese to China and its rulers, but it *is* given as the conception which many Roman Catholic Christians naturally come to entertain, and as the view which is almost universally taken by Chinese officials when they are free to express it.

Broadly speaking, it may be said that there is in Chinese courts no such thing as *justice*. Those who are the spiritual leaders of Chinese Christians find themselves, whenever appealed to for advice in the complicated conditions which perpetually arise, in a dilemma. To allow one's flock to be torn in pieces by the "tigers and wolves" of the Yamens is repugnant to the sense of justice which Christianity engenders, and to the innate instincts of the Christian heart. To undertake to defend them in their relations to the network of injustice by which Chinese subjects are enmeshed is to begin a work the consequences of which no man can foresee.

We have no means of knowing upon what theory the Catholic Church proceeds except by her practice, which is sufficiently well known. Every Catholic headquarters is served by able Chinese, some of whom are expert in yamen affairs, and act as lawyers for whoever has a case on hand. This is probably a wise provision, but it is one liable to great abuse. It is common for those who are acting as advance agents of the Catholic Church, in fresh woods and pastures new, to let it be known that, whatever happens to those who identify themselves with that organization, they will be protected in their lawsuits. It is not claimed that this is done by the orders of any priest, nor is it certain that any priest knows anything of such offers. But that the proposition is constantly made and constantly accepted is certain. No one with any considerable acquaintance with Chinese character would be at a loss to predict the results which must and which do follow. The Chinese bully is a feature of Chinese society. No Chinese bully is so arrogant and so insufferable as he who thinks he has an irresistible foreign backing. In this way lawsuits begin as mold forms in the damp heats of August without assignable cause all at once and everywhere. Before matters have progressed far the foreign priest appears upon the scene, and the case has become a serious one. It is a perpetual and, so far as appears to an unenlightened observer, an insoluble puzzle by what means the Catholic priest, without visible prestige and often (nay, generally) far from being a *persona grata* to the local magistrate, is able to secure the results which he actually does secure. It is true that he often fails, but then his case is taken up in a manner very different from that which is seen in the instance, say, of a British subject or an American citizen.

It is impossible in a paper like the present to enter into details, but it must suffice to say that, in a somewhat intimate knowledge of mission affairs in several score of counties both in the provinces of Chili and Shantung, the writer has everywhere heard the charge that the Roman Catholic proceedings at law are unfair and tyrannous. These allegations are often supported by specifications so full and so precise, often so authenticated by corroborative testimony, that it is impossible not to believe them. In a certain county near to the home of the writer the Catholics once had a strong foothold and lost it. The reason universally given, after the lapse of a generation, was the advocacy of a particularly outrageous claim against a non-Christian on the part of a Catholic aided by a priest. The magistrate, who disliked to antagonize the Church for fear of consequences the nature of which to him at least were not obscure, yet refused to give his decision for a palpable outrage, and, in the presence of the foreign priest, told the parties to the suit

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that he was incompetent to decide it, and that they must go to the temple of the city-god, each make his oath there, and leave the settlement to high Heaven. The moral effect of this occurrence was to put an end to the Roman Catholic in that county until the present time.

It is a matter of capital importance in connection with this subject that, both by the people and by the officials, the Roman Catholic Church is believed to be the refuge of bad men who can thus evade the laws of China, and, under the shelter of a foreign protection, behave substantially as they please. It is by no means necessary to suppose that the administrators of the affairs of the Church intend that it should be so; we are concerned only to show that it is believed to be true, and that to a certain extent it is true. The Tsung-Li Yamen Memorandum contains specifications under this head to which it is not necessary to refer in detail. Without entering more fully into the subject, it must suffice to say that there is an amount of weighty testimony upon this head which can be collected from all parts of China much more than sufficient to substantiate the charge.

As an example of the impression which these constant phenomena make upon well-informed and presumptively impartial observers may be cited the following extract from the most recent work of Mr. A. R. Colquhoun, who has a wide knowledge of the Chinese Empire, and who has written one of the best and most informing of recent books on "China in Transformation:"

"The blood of the martyrs is in China the seed of French aggrandizement. France uses the missionaries and the native Christians as *agents-provocateur;* and outrages and martyrdoms are her political harvest. What the preponderance of her commerce does for England the Catholic protectorate does for France, so that the influence of their respective positions *vis-à-vis* of the Chinese is nearly balanced; but France makes ten times more capital out of her religious material than Great Britain has ever done out of her commercial. Under the fostering care of the French Government the Catholics have become a veritable *imperium in imperio*, disregarding local laws and customs, domineering over their pagan neighbors, and overriding the law of the land. Whenever a Christian has a dispute with a heathen, no matter what the subject in question may be, the quarrel is promptly taken up by the priest, who, if he cannot himself intimidate the local officials and compel them to give right to the Christian, represents the case as one of persecution, when the French consul is appealed to. Then is redress rigorously extorted, without the least reference to the justice of the demand. The assurance that this kind of interference on the part of a foreign power is certain to follow leads, of course, to the grossest abuses being perpetrated by the Christians, and while the French missionary may go far, the native Christian goes infinitely further, in browbeating the authorities and tyrannizing over the people." Then follows the detail of a specific case, and the remark: "It is not surprising that arbitrary proceedings like this should cause the Christians to be feared and hated, and we need not wonder at the occasional murder of a priest when such feelings are spread generally throughout the country."

In nearly all the cases relating to the Chinese and the Roman Catholics, we are at the disadvantage of knowing only a portion of the case, although the facts are not for that reason invalidated. But there is an important and unfortunately a growing list of causes in which Catholics have deliberately set themselves to injure and sometimes to outrage Protestants, the details of which are wholly within the field of our inquiry, and where we tread upon sure ground. Two such instances may be cited as examples.

In an article published in the Chinese "Recorder" in November, 1899, the Rev. Immanuel Genähr, of the Rhenish Mission, who had been in China sixteen years, gives the details of a shameful attack by a Catholic priest named Julien upon the Rev. Franz Zahn and his native assistants, in which the latter were set upon, knocked down, bound with chains, and treated as criminals unworthy of being allowed to live, all on a fictitious charge of leading a band of robbers, whereas the priest Julien was himself the leader of such a band, which despoiled a village, sacking the houses of Protestant inquirers and converts, doing damage to the extent of thousands of dollars.

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These facts were subsequently established in a judicial inquiry held by the French and German Consuls, who agreed that M. Julien should apologize in the presence of the Consuls and Mr. Zahn, which he did, after admitting that he himself led the party which attacked and looted the village in question. He was also required to pay an indemnity, to restore the stolen watch and other articles of property in question, and it was agreed that he should be transferred to another sphere of labor. In commenting upon this typical case, Mr. Genähr says: "This policy of 'screening infamous men under the protecting banner' of the Church is much to be deplored by every one who is really solicitous for the welfare of the Church; and the fact itself cannot be gainsaid. The eighteen provinces of China echo with the complaints to which it gives rise. Protestant missionaries have learned to reckon with it; and the great Conference in Shanghai in 1901 will have to define its position with regard to this policy." During the year 1896 four articles appeared in the Chinese "Recorder" from the pen of the Rev. William Ashmore, D.D., giving a detailed account of "Outrages upon the American Baptist Mission near Swatow," committed by Roman Catholic members, abetted by their priests, involving robbery and virtual rebellion against the local authorities. The matter was taken before the United States Consul at Canton, Mr. Seymour, and from there referred to Peking, where it was investigated by Mr. Denby, the Minister. The facts were proved beyond the possibility of refutation, but the French Minister refused to consider the evidence, and rather than take the matter into the Tsung-Li-Yamen, where the influence of the French was too complete to be counteracted, the parties to the case were obliged to consent to a weak compromise, by which, the innocent Chinese being released, the guilty criminals were also let out of jail and escaped scot-free. In the comments made upon this famous case at the time it was pointed out that such acts are two-edged swords, working ruin in both directions—a prophecy which has since been abundantly fulfilled. Within the past few years the foreign journals in China have contained detailed accounts of numerous instances similar to the foregoing, sometimes in Manchuria, and again (one of the most noted) in Chekiang, in which the author of specific charges against the Roman Catholics was the Right Rev. Bishop Moule, of the Church Mission, and his opponent the Catholic Bishop of the province.

A potent source of Chinese animosity to the Roman Catholics is to be found in the fact that by the treaty of 1860 extensive property formerly belonging to the Church was to be restored upon presentation of evidence of the fact of previous possession. Fifteen years before this date, however, a rescript of the Emperor Taokuang had allowed the justice of such claims, but specially excepted property which had been converted into temples and dwelling-houses for the people. In the later treaty this exception was omitted, with the result that there has been more or less friction ever since. The Memorandum of the Tsung-Li-Yamen admits that there is in China a great deal of this property, mentioning that it has often changed owners many times, and had frequently been greatly improved or even rebuilt. "The missionaries take no account of all this; they exact a restitution, and do not even offer the least indemnity. Sometimes they even ask for repairs to be made, or, if not, for a sum of money. Such conduct excites the indignation of the people, who look with no favorable eye upon the missionaries. Such being the case, no friendship can exist."

There are many prominent structures in China which are a constant irritation to the Chinese and an incitement to attack simply from the memories of the past. One of these is the Cathedral at the junction of the Peiho and the Grand Canal at Tientsin, referred to elsewhere, which was erected in 1865 upon ground reclaimed from the Chinese, was destroyed by a mob in 1870, and when rebuilt in 1897 again seriously threatened, and is now once more in ruins in 1900. Perhaps there is no cathedral in the whole Empire against which the feeling of the Chinese is so intensely bitter as the massive, fort-like structure in Canton, which stands upon the site of the former yamen of the Governor-General, Yeh, who was captured by the British when Canton was taken, and was carried to Calcutta, where

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he died. No one can see this building without perceiving the evident intention to enable it to resist attack, however violent. Mr. Noyes, one of the senior missionaries in Canton, mentions, in an article on "Five Storms of Wrath" in that city (Chinese Recorder, Feb., 1895), that a very intelligent man was heard to say: "We Chinese say that that Cathedral must come down, even if it need be one hundred years hence."

The method of securing property by purchase frequently leaves much bitterness in the minds of the Chinese, which comes to a focus whenever there is an opportunity for the expression of discontent. As a rule, the Chinese dislike to have foreigners buy land and put up permanent buildings anywhere, and it is easy for them to give reasons which from their point of view are conclusive against the use of any particular site which may be chosen. Experience has shown that the highly rudimentary "science" of Feng-shui, or geomancy, is never so potent as when used to prevent foreigners from getting a foothold. It is everywhere objected to the Roman Catholics that they have persistently offended the Chinese in this particular, both by insisting upon occupying sites to which there has been on the part of the Chinese violent objection, and by the erection of lofty and substantial structures in commanding positions, where they appear to the Chinese as a perpetual evidence of national humiliation and a constant reminder of foreign aggression. It was the judicious advice of the British Government, in a circular issued a few years since for the information of missionary societies, "that Chinese prejudice and superstitions should be more carefully considered in the forms and heights of the buildings erected." The Roman Catholic Church is one of the largest property-owners in some settlements of the open ports of China, as in the French concession of Tientsin, and in Chinkiang, often being the principal landlord. The income from these enormous possessions is used for the support of the Church, in default of those annual contributions upon which Protestants rely. In the interior of the Empire a similar phenomenon is observed in the aggregation of considerable areas of land under the control of the priests, thus gathering small Christian communities. In time of famine we have known small loans made to any who would conform to the conditions, which included definite attendance at religious services, study of the catechism, etc., and the mortgaging to the Church of the land of the person benefited at a fixed rate according to the amount of the loan, with annual grain taxes paid to the Church until the sum should be refunded. Such a mixture of benevolence and business may have its advantages, but it is also certain to cause the shrewd and suspicious Chinese to be more sure than ever that the Church is not only a political but also a landed and a financial power, and in the end the result is morally certain to make it more than ever an object of hostility, as the writer has had occasion himself to know. The very first of the eight Regulations proposed by the Tsung-Li-Yamen relates to the subject of Catholic orphanages in China, which have probably excited more ill feeling and led to more attacks upon Catholic life and property than any other single cause. The riot at Tientsin in 1870, and those in the Valley of the Yangtzu in 1891, were in several instances directly due to inflammatory tales circulated about these institutions, to the management of which both the Tsung-Li-Yamen Memorandum and popular clamor make strenuous objection. It is impossible for the Chinese to understand the motive for wholesale benevolence of this sort; and the presence of so many helpless infants, especially when, as sometimes happens, the mortality is large, is immediately connected with the invincible superstition that foreigners wish to mutilate the bodies for the purposes of alchemy, thus turning lead into silver.

The Yamen wish many changes in the management of these orphanages, but their abolition is most desired. "Once the child has entered the house other persons are not allowed to adopt it, nor are the parents permitted to take it back again, nor even to visit it. All this nourishes suspicions and excites the hatred of the people, and by degrees a case like that of Tientsin [the massacre] is arrived at. Although we have denied in a report all those rumors of the tearing out of eyes and hearts, the people, however, still preserve doubts on the subject, and even if we succeed in closing their lips we cannot

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drive away these doubts from their minds. It is this kind of uneasiness which gives rise to terrible events. It would be a good thing to abolish the foreign orphanages and to transport them to Europe, where they could practice their charity at their ease; it would then belong to the Chinese to come to the aid of these children. Besides, in every province we have numerous orphanages, and yet the foreigners wish to lend us at any price an assistance of which we have not the slightest need. It is certainly with good intentions they thus act, but it is not the less true that their conduct produces suspicion and excites anger. It would be far preferable if each one exercised his charity in his own country, and then no lamentable event could arise."

The care of the helpless waifs and strays of Chinese infancy, for whom the Chinese have always done next to nothing, is one of the most gracious of charities, but it has been misunderstood, in part willfully so, by the Chinese from the first, and so it remains to this present time. It is difficult to believe that by the use of wise and conciliatory methods this state of feeling on the part of the Chinese might not be essentially modified, so as at length wholly to disappear.

The fact that the Catholic fathers do not open their chapels for preaching to outsiders, that they conduct no medical work for the people at large, and that they spend their time in comparative seclusion, greatly stimulates the suspicious nature of the Chinese mind to account for what seems to them so strange and so unnatural a life. Mr. Reid quotes a Bible agent who had penetrated to Hengchoufu, in Hunan, who remarked that, although foreign priests had been resident there for over two centuries, he never visited a city where the foreigner was a greater curiosity, and adds: "They live in a state of mysterious seclusion which the native vainly attempts to penetrate, and about which he invents the most wonderful stories." Whatever the grounds for so great secrecy about the Catholic establishments and the doings of those who there spend their lives, the general effect upon the outsiders is unhappy in the extreme, and can only serve to give added color to the irrepressible suspicions which inevitably arise in China concerning anything which is not too obvious to be beyond the reach of unfavorable comment.

It only remains to add to the long catalogue of grounds of misunderstandings those which have their origin in the rites of the Church. The baptism of infants when at the point of death not unnaturally leads to the grossest misconstruction, especially in connection with the hopeless superstitions about the use to which parts of the human body can be put as a direct means for the transmutation of metals. The practice of extreme unction is even more open to misapprehension, and has probably been the ground of intense hostility for the same reason.

No one who wishes well to the people of China will desire to utter a syllable which shall detract from the good work which the Roman Catholic Church has done, and is at this moment still doing, for the Chinese in all parts of the land. There are in it many noble, self-denying, devout men and women who are freely giving themselves for the benefit of a people who have, as a rule, little perception of what such sacrifices mean. For hundreds of years before the Protestant Churches had awakened from their age-long sleep, the Mother Church was resolutely at work upon the hardest task which she has ever undertaken, a task in which she still perseveres serene and strong, unmoved by hostility or by criticism. Yet, for all that—nay, because of all that—it is the more imperative to call attention, in the most emphatic manner possible, to the fact that the present semi-political administration of the Roman Catholic Church in China is bad, and that, in the particulars some of which have been named and others only suggested, it is sowing a harvest of evil. More than twenty-five years of attentive, close-at-hand observation of its methods and its results confirms everything which has been said in the preceding pages. The seeds which have been sown must produce fruit after their kind. It is now nearly thirty years since such a result was expressly predicted by the Memorandum of the Tsung-Li-Yamen. "How, under these conditions, can we hope that a durable understanding should be established, and to prevent the governors and the governed uniting against them in common hostility? . . . The Prince and the members of the

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Yamen are impressed with a desire to ward off eventualities so menacing. In fact, they fear, in all sincerity, . . . that so much accumulated bad feeling, causing a sudden explosion, should bring about a catastrophe. It would then be no longer possible for the local authorities, nor for the high provincial functionaries, nor even for the Tsung-Li-Yamen to assert its authority. In the event of a general rising in China, the Emperor will be able to appoint high dignitaries to order them to assemble everywhere imposing forces; but the greatest rigor does not reach the masses, and where their anger manifests itself there are persons who refuse to yield their heads to the executioner. . . . In short, in the direction of affairs, the important point in China, as in Europe, is to satisfy opinion. If, failing in this duty, oppression and violence are employed, a general rising will at last take place."

The "general rising" predicted nearly thirty years ago has at last taken place. It was not, however, directed against the Roman Catholic Church as such, but against foreigners as foreigners, its banners and handbills ostentatiously putting forth as its watchword, "Mieh Yang," "Exterminate Foreigners." Confucius gave as a definition of "reciprocity," "Not to do to others what you would not have others do to you." Those who have followed us thus far will be able to judge for themselves what effect the administration of such an organization as the Roman Catholic Church has proved to be in China during the past sixty years would have if transferred to the soil of any one of the countries which have treaties with China. There is good reason to believe that there is not one of them in which such causes would not have produced worse results than have been seen in China until the late rising began. The peculiar character of that rising cannot be too often nor too clearly pointed out as due to the fact that it was first tolerated, then fostered, and still later directed by the Chinese Government itself. Its primary sources were race hatred and the political aggressions of Western nations. Yet the universal and deep-seated animosity to the claims and to the practices of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the Empire have added greatly to the fury and to the bitterness of the attacks, and will contribute materially to the difficulty of a permanent settlement. A frank recognition of this indisputable fact will be of the greatest service to the interests of the Chinese people, and to the peaceful spread of the religion which for the welfare of that people has endured so much persecution and suffered so many martyrdoms.

Around Mindanao[1]

By Phelps Whitmarsh

Special Commissioner for The Outlook in the Philippines

TO the man who has a taste for exploring, who delights in untrodden paths, and who would hobnob with the unadulterated savage, the island of Mindanao offers a rare opportunity; for, although it is exceeded in size only by Luzon, and that by a comparatively small area, though it is universally conceded to be the most fertile in agricultural land, the richest in timber, minerals, and all natural products, it is the least known as a whole, perhaps, of any of the Philippine Islands. At a rough guess, I should say that Mindanao has a population of about one million, of whom one-half are Mohammedan Moros, one-fourth Christian Visayans, and the remainder pagans.

The Moros, having drifted north from the Sulu archipelago, have spread all along the southern coast and crept up a short distance on the east and west shores. As water-folk, moreover, they have followed and settled on the rivers as far as navigable for their canoes, and established themselves in great numbers on the lakes. Lanao, a magnificent body of fresh water some thirty miles long, lying about midway between Iligan and Malabang, is said to have near it a Moro population of two hundred and fifty thousand. The valley of the Rio Grande and Lake Buluan are also centers of Moro life. Mindanao has a

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Sultan of its own, who, though he is an unimportant personage with little or no control over the whole people, yet receives a small stipend from the United States Government. Neither he nor any of the Mindanao Moros acknowledge the sovereignty of the Sultan of Sulu, nor has the latter any authority or influence over them, except, it may be, as head of the Church. But even this is doubtful, for the Mohammedanism of the Moros of Mindanao is of a decidedly weak quality, and is far less observed even than in Sulu.

The Christian population of the island, having come chiefly from the Visayan islands, has settled more thickly on the north and west coasts, though it has spread in small numbers all around the island. Until recently these people have been considered as peaceful and law-abiding, but of late, owing, it is said, to Tagalog emissaries, they have become more or less infected with the independence idea, and in several of the northern towns they have shown themselves to be braver and more stubborn fighters than their teachers.

The savage or pagan inhabitants live in the mountains of the interior, and in that part of the country not occupied by the Moros and Visayans. There are eighteen known tribes, all differing slightly in appearance, speaking different dialects and having different customs. Some of the tribes, like the Tirurayes and the Atas, are degenerates or of a very low intellectual order, and others, such as the Guiangans and Bagobos, are people of marked superiority. All of these tribes, however, except the Negritos, may be considered as one race, and also a different race from any in the Philippines. What their origin has been I cannot even hazard a guess, but as a people they are undoubtedly distinct from all other peoples in the Philippines, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or pagan. To speak of them generally is hardly possible, because each tribe has its characteristics; but I may say, by way of pointing out wherein they differ from what we may call the Filipino proper, that many of them are bearded, most of them have larger noses and better features, and the majority are a taller, finer race of people. I have seen them six feet in height, and some still taller. Like other primitive peoples, they have a great fondness for bells, beads, and bright colors, with which they decorate themselves, their clothes, arms, and knapsacks, profusely. Some of them, the Subanos, for example, are moon-worshipers; others believe that an evil spirit dwells in Mount Apo, the volcano, or in the body of a bird known variously as the limoco, quago, etc., and still others apparently have neither gods nor devils. Except for their ornaments, these savages are independent of the outside world. They raise everything they need, even to hemp, which they dye and weave into cloth. Few of the tribes are on good terms with one another; an individual can rarely be induced to leave his own tribal boundary, and none of them ever move without their knives and spears. Polygamy is permitted, I believe, by all of them, though it is rarely practiced by any but the Datus and headmen. Slavery, too, is common. Slaves are usually obtained either by raiding inferior tribes or by capture in warfare. When sold to the Visayans, as many of them are, the price varies from $7.50 to $12.50 gold for individual slaves.

Mindanao is a mountainous island. One long range extends from the beginning of the western peninsula to the Lanao region, and three other chains run north and south through the eastern and main body of the island. Many of the peaks are extinct volcanoes; the highest, Mount Apo, 9,450 feet, still sends up sulphurous fumes as evidence that the internal fires are not yet dead. The island has two large rivers, the Butuan and the Rio Grande, and many small ones. The western range, and, indeed, the greater part of Mindanao, is largely covered with valuable forests. Near the coast and in the valleys, however, there is abundance of magnificent grazing and agricultural land.

The products of Mindanao are hemp, which grows luxuriantly everywhere, cacao, copra, coffee, almaciga or gum mastic, viao nuts, gutta-percha, timber, and gold. The latter is mined by the natives on the north coast, where a belt of gold-bearing country extends from Surigao to Iligan. Coal has been found in several parts of the island; it is all lignite, however, and the surface samples which have been secured and experimented with have not proved it to be commercially valuable, as it burns too rapidly. It is possible that

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at a greater depth these lignite deposits may be of a better quality.

As regards wild animals, Mindanao is limited to deer, a small, dark-brown species not found elsewhere; pigs, wild carabaos, monkeys, and a small mink-like creature called *gato del monte* or mountain cat. Bird life is plentiful, especially pigeons, of which there are a great variety, some as large as an ordinary chicken, and others smaller than a blackbird. A curious specimen is that known as the stabbed dove, which has a red spot in the center of its breast. Hornbills are also common; three varieties I have shot. There are many kinds of lizards, a few snakes, tortoises, and, in the large rivers and lakes, crocodiles. In general, Mindanao has a cooler climate, in spite of its latitude, than Luzon, though I am inclined to believe that as a whole it is less healthful.

The end of May, 1900, after my trip through the Sulu archipelago, found me for the second time in Zamboanga, the oldest Spanish settlement (1636), and, from a military standpoint, the most important town in Mindanao. Zamboanga is on the extreme southwest point of the island, and commands the straits of Basilan, the recognized highway for the Australian liners going to or coming from Hongkong, and for all steamers passing from the Celebes into the Sulu and China seas. Though it has a poor harbor, vessels being obliged to anchor out in the strait, the fact that it is out of the track of cyclones and blessed with a sea of almost eternal summer makes it a fairly safe anchorage. It is already in touch with Sandakan and Singapore, and in course of time the Australian boats will doubtless make it a port of call. The larger part of the town was foolishly burned by the insurgents before American occupation, but the part which escaped the flames still makes it a well-built and a pretty place. A unique feature is the tree-shaded canal of fresh water which runs down the center of the main street. The Christian population of the town, estimated at twenty thousand, though a mixed lot, descended from old Visayan settlers, *deportados*, escaped Moro slaves, and dashed somewhat liberally with Spanish blood, are rather a superior class of people. All of them speak Spanish, and they are proud to call themselves Zamboangueños. There is also a Moro town, which contains from three to four thousand inhabitants, who are followers of the famous Datu Mandi, a man of mixed ancestry, strong character, and one of the most powerful chiefs in Mindanao. An incident in Mandi's life, told me by himself, is worth relating. While Zamboanga was in the insurgents' hands, the Christians, ever enemies of the Moros, killed two of Mandi's men. Mandi at once went on the war-path and in return killed one hundred and forty Christians. After the affair had quieted down, Mandi invited the widows of his dead enemies to a feast, and, by way of showing that there were no "hard feelings," he and his principal men waited on the guests themselves. At the time he told me of this, Mandi was providing for several of the widows and orphans whom he made. At that time, moreover, both Christians and Moros were working in harmony, each trying to outdo the other in winning American favor.

Fort Pilar, an old fortification and place of refuge raised as a protection against the Moros, stands at the east end of the town. Chancing to visit it one Saturday afternoon, I found outside one wall some thirty or forty women kneeling upon the ground in front of a small shrine built in the middle of what had evidently once been a gateway, though long since walled up. Above the shrine a stone tablet of the Virgin was let into the masonry. The tradition in regard to the place is as follows: In olden times a river ran past that side of the fort into the sea, and the gateway opened upon it. The arch of the gateway was surmounted by a marble statue of "Our Lady of Pilar." One night the sentinel on guard challenged a white figure who passed out before him. Three times he challenged, when, no answer being returned, he took aim at the mysterious form and fired. When the guard turned out, they found the sentinel stone dead and the statue of the Virgin gone. In the morning, moreover, it was discovered that the river had dried up; whereupon the gate, being useless, was walled up. This work was scarcely finished, however, before the present tablet appeared in its place; and as this was regarded as a miracle, the priests ordered a shrine to be built and a light kept burning therein for all time. Since then every

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Saturday sees a large number of women worshipers burning candles and praying before the closed portal of Fort Pilar.

Zamboanga is headquarters of the military district known as the Department of Mindanao and Jolo. Near it, soon to be re-established, is the penal settlement of San Ramon, where it is presumed all the convicts of the islands will be sent. In connection with the settlement is an abacá plantation and a farm, part of which, it is to be hoped, will be used as an experimental station for determining what agricultural products will best flourish in Mindanao's fecund soil. General Kobbé, then commanding the Department, kindly made me his guest while I remained in Zamboanga; and it must be said that my opportunities for seeing something of Mindanao were due in a great measure to the interest and assistance of this able, splendid officer.

Before starting on my trip round the big island, I had an opportunity of landing on Basilan, which lies opposite Zamboanga, and from which the straits are named. Basilan is the central island of a group of forty, and, according to Spanish figures, has an area of 1,275 square kilometers. The interior is entirely uncultivated, and is almost covered with a primeval forest growth. With the exception of Isabela, the capital, which is a naval station, it is populated sparsely by Moros of a decidedly bad reputation, but who of late years have been on their good behavior. An odd, scimitar-like blade called the *pira* is their special weapon. Almost nothing is known about the island, though copper is said to have been found in the western hills. Of my visit I remember only one thing that was new to me, and that a Moro school. It was very small, just a little platform on stilts, sheltered by a cogon thatch, with three wee girl pupils in Nature's garment, without even the traditional smile, and a severe-looking Moro lady clad simply in a meager skirt and an immense pair of horn-framed goggles. The teacher was reading aloud from her only primer, the Koran, following the lines meanwhile with a piece of cane; and the little ones were imitating her. Each brown mite had the red-backed book lying before her on a desk made of two short boards put together in the shape of an X, and as they sat on their little heels solemnly pointing out the words and occasionally rolling their black eyes up to the teacher's face, they made a picture not soon to be forgotten.

On June 3 I began the circumnavigation of Mindanao. Almost due east from Zamboanga, in a very beautiful and fairly well protected bay, lie the two garrisoned towns of Parang-Parang and Pollok. In the Spanish days the former was a military station and the latter a naval one. In both towns there are not more than four hundred Visayans, who are of a poor class; and the surrounding country is peopled wholly by Moros. Pollok has the best harbor on the south coast. Two hours' steaming from the latter brought us to the mouth of the Pulangui or Rio Grande, where we ran up stream about five miles to the important port of Cottabato, founded by the Spaniards in 1851. There were about four hundred Visayans in the town and two hundred Chinese, in whose hands the business of the town, and, indeed, that of the whole island, was held. The principal inhabitants of the district are Moros. It is estimated that 100,000 Moros live in the Rio Grande valley, which is probably the largest and most fertile stretch of country in Mindanao. Rice, tobacco, cacao, sugar-cane, maize, and cotton are capable of being raised in great quantities in this wide valley. Of the many Datus on the river, Piang and Utu were the most powerful. Piang's soldiers and police, who were dressed in turkey red, were one of the features of Cottabato. The river markets are interesting sights. Great crowds, of men principally, armed to the teeth with krises, campilans, punials, and spears, flock to these markets, which are held in some shady spot on the river bank. Gambling is one great attraction. These markets are the best places in the Philippines to buy Moro arms, their curious chain armor and brass-work. To the south of Cottabato there is a savage tribe known as Tirurayes. They are a lazy, worthless lot, apparently degenerates. They live together indiscriminately, fathers sometimes taking their own daughters to wife, and are without doubt the lowest of the Mindanao peoples. At Tamantaka, a Tiruray village close to Cottabato, the Jesuits formerly had a mission established,

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and practically forced these people to plant rice for their own needs. As soon as the Jesuits withdrew, however, they relapsed into idleness, with the result that when we reached there they had long been in a state of famine, and although the military authorities were serving out rice to them, hundreds literally starved to death. I saw some of the most pitiful, dreadful sights in and near Cottabato that I have ever witnessed.

Thirty-six hours' run from Cottabato took the Æolus round Point Tinaca, the most southerly port of Mindanao, past the golden-crowned peak of Apo, and up the deep gulf of Davao to the town of Davao. The place has no harbor, and the anchorage is poor. Craft drawing ten feet of water are obliged to lie a mile or more from the mouth of the shallow river. This great gulf, which in the early part of the century was a Moro pirate stronghold, was conquered and settled in 1848 by one José de Oyanguren, a private individual who undertook the expedition at his own expense. Davao itself, though rather a straggling town of about fourteen hundred Visayans, including the barrios, was one of the best-regulated pueblos, and its district commander, Major H. Liggett, quite the most enterprising officer in Mindanao. In addition to town improvements, a pretty piece of bridge-building, and a jetty and warehouses under way, twenty miles of new roads into the interior had already been completed. This is missionary work of a practical kind. As Davao, by reason of its geographical position, is an admirable point from which to see several of Mindanao's savage tribes, I left the Æolus here and spent rather more than a month in the near-by interior, during which time I ascended Mount Apo; but as the material I gathered is of a somewhat special nature, I shall make it the subject of a separate paper. Notwithstanding its poor shipping facilities, Davao, as the outlet for the natural products of an immense interior territory, and as the center of a region of unsurpassed fertility, has a promising future. The tribes immediately surrounding Davao are the Bagobos, Guiangans, and Samales. Within a few days' travel, however, one can reach Tagacaolos, Bilanes, Culumanes, Mandayas, Mansacas, and Atas. I was fortunate enough to be in Davao at the time of their greatest yearly fiesta, which is held in honor of San Pedro, the town's patron saint. Every Visayan in the neighborhood and not a few savages came into town for the celebration. The houses were decorated for the occasion, and everybody sported his newest and brightest clothes. For three days feasting, gambling, cock-fighting, horse-racing, and dancing went on continuously, and at the end of that time the nearness of the Fiesta Americana (July 4) was made an excuse to prolong the good time for three days more. For people who work as little as the Filipinos, they have more holidays and less need of them than any people I know; but that, perhaps, is the very reason why they have so many.

Mafi, the most southerly port on the Pacific coast, is an insignificant village of itself, surely unworthy of a garrison, but the harbor is an excellent one, deep, well protected, and without doubt the finest in Mindanao. A detachment of twenty-five men was stationed there under Lieutenant Hugh C. Preston, who was the Pooh-Bah of the place—everything from commanding officer to captain of the port, including doctor and chaplain. The country back of the coast, which is inhabited by Mandayas, has much fine grazing land and an abundance of splendid timber. In the flooring of the dilapidated church there was one plank of hardwood thirty-two inches wide and seventy-five feet long.

As we ran up the east coast the scattered Moro settlements disappeared and the number of Visayans increased. Caraga claims a Christian population of about five thousand, Baganga nearly six thousand, and Surigao seven thousand. At the latter town, which is situated on the northeast point of the island, I was reminded for the first time since leaving Cebu that warfare in the Philippines was not over. Guerrillas were keeping the province in a disturbed state; several prospectors who had pushed into the interior had recently been either captured or killed, and neither life nor property was safe outside the town limits. While at Surigao I had the opportunity of seeing a curious native method of catching fish. About two quarts of poisonous berries called albotra were mashed up with a large quantity of boiled rice and fish,

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When the mixing was completed, half a dozen men divided the stuff between them, and, wading out into a foot or so of water, rapidly scattered it in all directions. Within a few minutes the poison began to take effect; fish began to jump, and many floated to the surface as I have seen them do when stunned by a dynamite explosion, while others lay belly up on the bottom. They were not dead, however, for I saw several of them recover and swim away from their would-be captors. The scramble, in which everybody in sight joined, lasted but a short time, but the result was two or three hundred fish, many of them of very good size.

Conditions along nearly the whole of the north coast were rather discouraging—far worse, certainly, than when the various towns were first occupied by American troops; for then no armed resistance was made, while since there had been at least four fights of unusually determined character, twenty of our men had been killed, not considering the wounded, and a large part of the Visayan element, which is strong here, was and is at this writing (August 27) in open insurrection. The mouth of Butuan River, where the authorities believe a large insurgent force is gathered, is still in the hands of the enemy for want of sufficient troops to take and to hold the position. In or near Cagayan, our next stop, the heaviest of the fighting had taken place. The last engagement there (June 14, 1900), in which a company of the Fortieth had encountered about three hundred insurgents fortified in a mountain pass, ended in the Americans being repulsed, with a loss of eight men killed, two officers and several privates wounded, and eight rifles. Although there were then four companies in the town and a fifth was soon added, no effort had been made up to the end of July, when I last visited Cagayan, to dislodge the insurgents, mainly because there were insufficient troops to leave the town well protected. Upon our arrival at the landing, which is about two miles from the town's center, an escort was sent to meet us, and we returned in a like manner. A large party of miners had been waiting for months to get into the country, but were unable to do so. One of their number who ventured a short distance beyond the outposts was boloed and killed.

From a commercial standpoint Cagayan is the most important town in the island, as the surrounding district is a rich one, and, for Mindanao, is thickly populated. Abacá and gold are the only products. I was shown several good-sized gold nuggets of twenty-carat quality which were washed out in the vicinity of Pictao. From what I saw and learned at various points I am of the opinion that if payable placer-mines are discovered in the Philippines, it will be on the north coast of Mindanao, and probably in the neighborhood of Cagayan.

Continuing west, we dropped anchor for an hour or two at Initao, a supposed "health resort," and three hours later made Iligan. Here we again saw Moros, who have crossed the narrow neck of land which at this point separates the north from the south coast, by way of Lake Lanao. Iligan has an old stone fort, and was the base of Spanish operations against the Lanao Moros. At a great loss of life the Spaniards made a road from Iligan to the lake, over which they carried up, in pieces, two small gunboats. When they evacuated the island, they sunk both of these craft in shallow water, taking the precaution, however, to whitelead them thoroughly before doing so. As yet no American has entered this region. The Christian population of Iligan, or Iliganos as they are known, seem to be exceptions to the other north-coast Visayans, for so far they have been pacific.

Thirty miles or so west of Iligan we ran into Misamis, which has a fairly good harbor and a small, poor town. Conditions were very much the same as in Cagayan, though the fighting had been on a smaller scale. We arrived at Oroquieta, the next town, five days after the insurgents had tried to rush it, and lost 117 men in the attempt. The only American killed was boloed in cold blood before the fight began. Oroquieta had all the evidences of being a large, prosperous town, though it was deserted, save for the troops, at the time of our visit. Our last stop was at Rizal's place of exile—Dapitan. It lies at the head of a charming little bay at the extreme northwest of the island, and was clean, pretty, peaceful, and unimportant. Although, as I have shown, the state of affairs on the north coast of Mindanao was not very encouraging, I think

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[illegible] drawn by the reports of our Consuls abroad to the present commercial depression in Great Britain, but this volume does more than give a mere survey of the market for iron and steel, for machinery and implements. Its closing chapters on the labor question seem particularly important. Whatever the reader's personal opinions, it is interesting to note that the author thinks British employers blameworthy in allowing the irresponsible and at first comparatively powerless trades-union executives so completely to gain the upper hand.

Anatomy of Misery (The). By John Coleman Kenworthy. Introduction by Count Tolstoy. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 111 pages. $1.

The new edition of this little book contains an introduction by Count Tolstoï commending it in these words: "It not only offers to the reader more solid matter than volumes upon volumes of works written on the same theme, but does what multi-volumed works on political economy do not do—it states economic problems clearly and simply." We cannot indorse this commendation, but nevertheless we do heartily commend the book—not, however, as a work on economics, but as a work on social morality. Some of its economic doctrines—those on taxation, for example—show that the author does not comprehend the economic work of the social reformers who have preceded him. But when the author is treating the moral aspects of existing conditions, and the moral prerequisites to social reforms, he writes with rare insight and power. The poetry which he intersperses is as good as his prose, his economic thought lending itself readily to poetical expression, as it the outcome of deep human feeling.

Babs the Impossible. By Sarah Grand. [illegible] trated. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 462 pages. $1.50.

Babs is not the only "impossible"

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Overton. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×7¼ in. $1.50.

Quite unusual in directness, vigor, and singleness of plot and purpose. The author we judge to be an Englishwoman, but it is hard at times in reading the story not to believe that its writer is a man. Certainly few women have as close a knowledge of military life on the frontier, of Indian customs and Indian fighting, and of the feud between civil and military power which used to exist in the Far Western States. The tale deals with the famous Indian campaigns in Arizona, when General Crook won his fame, coming down to and including the Geronimo episode. Merely as a picture of the conditions of army life, Indian warfare, and the wrongs and follies of the old way of dealing with Indian problems, the book is immensely interesting and really valuable. But it has also an exceptionally strong bit of character-drawing, that of a beautiful woman of one-quarter Indian blood, through which comes her "heritage of unrest." She is educated, the wife of an army officer, in most respects a woman of refinement and honor; but in various ways the wild blood tells in her life-story, and affects her conduct and her love; it is the great merit of the author that she handles this theme without exaggeration.

Hints for Home Reading: A Series of Papers on Books and their Use. By Charles Dudley Warner, Hamilton Wright Mabie, Edward Everett Hale, Lyman Abbott, Joseph Cook, Fred. B. Perkins, M. F. Sweetser, and others. Edited with an Introduction by Lyman Abbott. Charles L. Bowman, New York City. 5×7½ in. 220 pages. $1.25.

The articles here included were published in e Outlook many years ago, but they have nothing in soundness of suggestion and value. The "Book-Buyers' Guide" sec- s a selected list of good books, chosen y by leading librarians. Prices, pub- size of page, etc., are added.

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reader is expected to record t. titles of the books he has read and his impressions about them might better have been omitted to make room for more extended lists of good books; such works as Rhodes's History of the United States, Stevenson's Letters, the Life of Martineau, and the Huxley biography ought not to be omitted from a list which claims to be "up to date."

Historical Novel and Other Essays (The). By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 321 pages. $1.25.

It is unnecessary to characterize two studies which have been widely accepted and which are eminently readable because they are eminently sane. To "The French Dramatists" Mr. Matthews has added a final chapter in which he discusses the condition of the French drama at the present time.

Juvenal. Edited by Henry Parks Wright. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 240 pages.

King's Pawn (A). By Hamilton Drummond. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 322 pages. $1.50.

A tale of the days of Henry of Navarre, abounding in action and intrigue, and told with spirit and vigor. In a general way the romance belongs to the class of which Mr. Weyman's "Under the Red Robe" and Miss Runkle's "Helmet of Navarre" are examples, but the present book has individual characteristics and is distinctly original in plot and setting. Perhaps the movement is too rapid to admit of close or deep character study, but, apart from this lack, the book is an excellent specimen of the semi-historical romance. The incidents grow out of a rash journey into Spain taken by Henry and a few companions at a time when war between France and Spain was imminent.

Letters of Cicero. Translated into English by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M.A. In 4 vols. Vol. IV. B.C. 44–43. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 386 pages. $1.50.

The fourth and concluding volume of a very convenient edition of one of the great classics.

Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews (The). By Lyman Abbott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 408 pages. $2.

"The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews" contains, with material additions, the series of articles published in The Outlook last year. Fuller comment will be made later.

Messages of Jesus According to the Synoptists. By Thomas Cuming Hall, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×6½ in. 244 pages. $1.25.

In the preceding volumes of this series the discourses of the prophets and the letters of the apostles are paraphrased. In the present volume the sayings of Jesus, consisting, as they do, both of discourses and of short remarks, are given partly in paraphrase and partly in an expository narrative. In paraphrase, for example, "one jot or one tittle" appears as "the smallest dot over an *i*," "scribes and Pharisees" as "the professional religious teachers and theologians." Introductions, both general and special, furnish the reader with the simplified results of the most recent critical studies. Some technical processes are illustrated in the appendix, and references to important works are subjoined. It is a difficult piece of work to do well, and it has been done very well.

Mushroom Book (The). By Nina L. Marshall. Illustrations in Color and Black and White, photographed from Nature by J. A. and H. C. Anderson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 7½×10½ in. 167 pages. $3.

A rarely thorough piece of nature study. One is surprised to find how wide is the field of knowledge relating to fungi, how varied and numerous the species, how curious and fantastic the forms. The descriptions are clearly written: accurate information is presented in orderly and intelligible arrangement; the illustration is partly from drawings and partly photographic, and includes some fine specimens of process color printing. We should think that beyond doubt this work would at once take its place as the highest authority on mushrooms. It is certainly a fine addition to the Nature Study Series, previous volumes of which have attracted wide interest.

Nineteenth Century (The): A Review of Progress. By Leslie Stephen, Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, Arthur T. Hadley, Julia Ward Howe, Andrew Carnegie, and others equally well known. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 494 pages. $2.

The thirty-seven papers comprised in this volume, each by a writer well versed in his or her special subject, were originally published in a twenty-eight-page supplement to the New York "Evening Post" of January 12, 1901. Under the titles of Law and Government, History, Sociology, Literature and the Fine Arts, Education and Science, Applied Science, Transportation, and The Science of War, they present effectively, as far as they go, the achievements of what Wallace has called "the wonderful century." It seems a somewhat pessimistic touch which has counted in the science of war as one of "the chief departments of human activity," but has not reckoned among these the expansion of philanthropy that has made the century remarkable for an unprecedented ethical progress. So far as religion is referred to in the chapter on Evolution and Religious Conceptions, the treatment is negative, leaving nothing but a natural instinct whose satisfaction is a problem for the future. To commit such a topic to an agnostic seems to us like assigning an account of medical science to Mrs. Eddy. His statement that "Darwinism alarms religious minds" is quite in the vein of Rip Van Winkle. The book as it is is a fine torso. The progress of the nineteenth century has been largely more than this materialistic report of it.

Our Land and Land Policy: Speeches, Lectures, and Miscellaneous Writings. By Henry George. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 8½×5 in. 345 pages. $2.50.

This well-edited volume of Mr. George's miscellaneous writings and addresses is rendered particularly interesting to his disciples, and to economic students generally, by its republication of his first work upon the land question. This appeared just thirty years ago, preceding "Progress and Poverty" by about eight years. In this essay public interest will center in the discussion of the land system of California, and particularly of its railroad land

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system, the iniquities of which forced Mr. George into the serious study of the whole land question. The frontispiece of the volume is a map of California showing how much of the State was put within the grasp of the railroads by the land grants giving them alternate strips of the broad stretches of territory they were supposed to have opened to cultivation. Nearly one-half of the State was included in the territory thus put under their control. "It is true," says Mr. George, "that the companies do not get all of the land included in these reservations, nor even half of it. Pre-emption or homestead settlers may still go upon the even sections, but the trouble is to find them. The greater part of the land is unsurveyed, or, having been once surveyed, the *vaqueros*, who share in the prejudices of their employers against settlers, have pulled up the stakes, and the settler cannot tell whether he gets on Government land or on railroad land. . . . Settlers will not take such chances. These railroad grants have worked nothing but evil to California. Though given under the pretext of aiding settlement, they have really retarded it." Mr. George concludes that had the land been opened to settlers instead of given to railroads, it would not only have been settled much earlier, but the business of the settlers would have brought unsubsidized railroads, in most instances, before the subsidized roads were finished. The whole subject is full of interest, and Mr. George's treatment ought to provoke further investigation of it from economic students in the universities on the Pacific slope.

Sentimentalists (The). By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 425 pages. $1.50.

Despite an atrocious cover, "The Sentimentalists" will probably be a success—the interior of any book always conquering its exterior. The name "Sentimentalists" is applied by the author to his hero and heroine; he conceives of the first as "a sensualist restrained by morality and therefore a sentimentalist;" of the heroine as "a sentimentalist feminine, a sweeter, less selfish being than the masculine equivalent." The hero, however, as the author admits, "like many another sentimentalist, never so truly touched the sublime as when gorging himself on humble-pie." The book will be a success, not only in spite of its binding, but also in spite of hero and heroine rather than because of them. The reader will not care so much about their sentimentalism as he will for the capital descriptions of athletic life here and there, as, for instance, Vernon's joy in swimming; the sympathetic pictures of Lake Champlain and Maine coast scenery; above all, the felicitous delineation of minor characters, mostly taken from Boston society; indeed, it is not hard to trace in them the peculiarities of certain well-known social leaders in that place. While these minor characters seem more successfully drawn than are the major—the author's strokes apparently truer and more telling—all the characters might have been still more clearly set forth. and the plot a little more cohesively dramatic. It is rather gratuitous, nevertheless, to pick flaws in so generally excellent a story—one which admirably fits the capital plan of the publishers in giving each month to the public a distinct portrayal of a certain phase of American life.

Shadow of a Man (The). By E. W. Hornung. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7 in. 221 pages. $1.25.

A well-constructed, exciting story of Australian sheep-farm life. We seem to have met before in Australian fiction the escaped convict who turns out to be the hero's father and involves the latter in trouble with his fiancée because of the burden of keeping the secret. But if the stage properties and accessories of this author's Australian fiction are not absolutely new, it is yet true that the actors in the drama have life and individuality, and that the climax is worked up dramatically and skillfully, while the literary work is clear and well colored.

Stray Thoughts on Character. By Lucy H. M. Soulsby. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 4¼×7 in. 207 pages. $1.50.

Turn of the Road (The). By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 266 pages. $1.50.

A love story, apparently by a young writer, with a good deal of feeling for life, with a touch of passionate intensity at times, and with a keen sense of dramatic values. Not a faultless story, but an individual one, with many positive qualities which give promise of more mature, balanced, and restrained work in the future.

Virgin Saints and Martyrs. By Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 400 pages. $1.50.

The British Museum Catalogue reveals the fact that the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould has more book-titles to his credit than has any other English writer. Yet this prolific author has written few books not worth reading, and he has written some worth re-reading—"The Myths of the Middle Ages," "The Church in Germany," "The Deserts of Southern France," for instance. His latest volume is an admirable book of reference to be placed alongside similar works by Mrs. Jameson and others, none of which, however, have this book's special merit—its author's characteristically conversational style.

Visits of Elizabeth (The). By Elinor Glyn. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 321 pages. $1.50.

It is a great pity that a book so clever and vivacious as this should be spoiled by detestable innuendoes and suggestions. These letters, supposed to be written to her mother by an innocent young English girl of good birth and breeding who is visiting English and French country houses, would throw a dispiriting light on the moral character of high-class English and French society if they were to be taken as really typical. One does not want to crush a butterfly with a club, and we may readily admit that this Elizabeth is lively, fascinating, and amusing, but there are things here that make one wish that a fiction-censor were a possibility. We regret also to see that advertisements of the book seem to imply that it *might* have been written by the author

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of "Elizabeth's German Garden." It is safe to say that it not only was not, but could not have been, written by that lady of excellent taste.

White Christopher. By Annie Trumbull Slosson. James Pott & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 66 pages.

A characteristic story in which Mrs. Slosson, dealing with very plain people, teaches a deep spiritual lesson. The sketch has less movement and less humor than some of its predecessors have shown, but it is tender, unusual, and interesting.

William Penn. By George Hodges. (Riverside Biographical Series, Number 6.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4¼×6¾ in. 140 pages. 75c.

A condensed but by no means desiccated biography of a very interesting man, done with very full knowledge of the subject, with sympathy with Penn's spirit and aims, and in a clear and attractive style. The sketch is written with discrimination, moderation, and balance of judgment; and, while Penn's sincerity is insisted upon, his mistakes are by no means minimized.

Women of the Old Testament. By the Rev. Robert F. Horton, M.A., D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 291 pages. $1.

This book makes it plain that the modern critical treatment of the Bible lends itself as readily as the traditional mode to religious and evangelical uses. Dr. Horton, indeed, has made this clear enough in former publications. That the story of Eden is an allegory, and the book of Esther a romance, detracts nothing in his view from their value as a divine revelation, to whose purposes poetry and prose, history and legend, are alike subservient. Dr. Horton's present book is the best on its subject that we have seen.

Woodpeckers (The). By Fannie Hardy Eckstorm. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×7¾ in. 131 pages. $1.

A small and very attractive book of a class greatly needed, dealing with one of the most interesting and familiar birds, and conveying the kind of information which enables both young and old readers to observe for themselves, describing as it does in detail the appearance, the habits, and the life of the woodpecker.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Should a minister of the Gospel be a "truth-teller" or a "truth-interpreter"? Should he simply be the mouthpiece to repeat the message as set forth in the Scriptures—setting it forth in the same language and the same terms as far as it is possible for him to do, or should he assume to interpret it, to set forth what he believes was the truth in the minds of the inspired writers? Certain members of a church take the position that the minister should preach only what they desire him to preach, and by that they mean for him to confine himself strictly to what is set forth in so many words in the Bible. Others would say that the function of the minister is to set forth in his own way the truth as he sees and understands it to be taught in the Scriptures, but he must be the judge of what it does teach, viewing it, of course, in all the light at his command. H.

He must be both "a truth-teller and a truth-interpreter." Accordingly, when he repeats the words of Jesus, "Ye ought to wash one another's feet," he must also interpret them in their significance for to-day. The truth he preaches will be effective only so far as he has made it his own by experience. Consequently he must preach it not merely as he has heard or read it, but as he has felt and realized it. Thus it will take its form of statement from his experience and his convictions, while in substance it will be to him what it was to Jesus: "The word which I speak is not mine, but the Father's who sent me." That the minister is the congregation's hired man, to preach what they dictate, is contrary to the New Testament idea of the ministry. But it does not happen that one is called to the charge of a congregation without a mutual understanding that they and he agree sufficiently to warrant them in calling him to be their teacher and leader. Such he is to be, not merely a reflector of their views. If such he cannot be, he had better seek another field.

Kindly tell me where there is a good account of the fear that is said to have possessed the Christian world as the year 1000 approached. M. A.

A succinct account is given in Milman's "History of Latin Christianity," III., 199, 200, Middleton's edition. Perhaps some reader can refer to a more detailed narrative.

I have been at a loss in distinguishing apocalyptic and apocryphal in relation to later Jewish writings. I know the meaning of the terms, but do they ever overlap? Is the former ever included under the latter? Is the latter the more general term? Would you give me the names and prices of any commentaries on the "Book of Jubilees" and the "Psalms of Solomon"? J. H. T.

Apocryphal is the general term, including apocalyptic literature. For translations of the Book of Jubilees see Professor Schodde's version in the "Bibliotheca Sacra" for 1885, and Professor Charles's in the "Jewish Quarterly Review" for 1888-89. The text of the Psalms of Solomon has been edited by Drs. Ryle and James, with an English translation, notes, etc. (London, Cambridge Warehouse, 15 shillings.)

Our statement, February 23, that it required six years to effect a change in the Book of Common Prayer by the concurrent action of two General Conventions, three years apart, has been called in question by a correspondent, who points out that a change could thus be effected in three years. Theoretically it could. Practically it could not. It is quite improbable that any Convention would favor a change when formally proposed for the first time, unless some years had been devoted to promoting it by preliminary movements. Our answer was given from the practical point of view.

"A. W." will find in The Outlook of January 26 a list of the books, relating to the history of hymns, for which she inquires. We cannot reprint them now, and cannot send them by mail, as no post-office address is given. Many who address this column ignore the requirements at its head.

The quotation from Whittier asked for by "R. E. C." in The Outlook of February 16 will be found in "The Grave by the Lake" in "The Tent on the Beach." M. S.

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Correspondence

Restricted Suffrage in Maryland

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Very many persons in this State who might not object to an educational qualification for voting do seriously object to the Governor of Maryland calling an extra session of the Legislature to jam through a bill which has never been publicly discussed, for the sole sake of party advantage. We are opposed to reform by snap judgment. We also think it dishonest to deprive good citizens who now possess the franchise, and who have been guilty of no crime, of a right guaranteed to them by the Constitution of the State. That instrument gives the right to vote to every male over twenty-one years of age. It should be the business of the lawmakers to make it easy to carry out the provisions of the Constitution. To seek to nullify those provisions looks to some of us like a betrayal of trust. If there is to be an educational barrier to voting, it should be set up in the registration office, not in the polling booth. If present methods of determining the right to register are partial, they can be amended. This very test of making a mixed ballot could be applied there.

It is claimed that this bill is to cure corruption. But is the mere ability to read a ballot proof of honesty? With The Outlook's knowledge of the sources of corruption in politics, does it not think that if every man possessing more than, say, $25,000 were denied the franchise, or in some other way prevented from taking part in politics, just as satisfactory a result would be reached? The illiterate, I do not say ignorant, voter is not necessarily corrupt.

I object to the Governor of Maryland's action for the reasons given above. I object to an educational qualification in general, because in a State where every citizen has a vote the State is keenly concerned to see that its citizens are educated. Where the franchise is limited, school facilities are apt to be limited also. I learned so much from Mr. Spahr's articles on America's Working People, in The Outlook a year or so ago.

The cure for illiterate voting is the elimination of illiteracy. Let the State provide ample facilities for every child to receive an education; let it pass and enforce a compulsory education act—then it may withhold the franchise from those who fail to take the advantages offered. As for those illiterates who already possess the franchise, I cannot agree with you that it would be easy for them to qualify under the new law. I have tried to teach grown men to read, and with most, if over thirty-five years old, learning to read and write was a heroic task. The ordinary man with only a knowledge of English would learn Sanskrit just as easily.

Perhaps I ought to say that I am not a partisan. I am more of a Democrat than a Republican, but I am neither.

D. M. H.

II.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

For twenty-four years our city and State were ruled by a most corrupt Ring, which in its palmy days hesitated at nothing to perpetuate its power.

It is from the patron saints of this abominable machine that this disfranchisement proposal emanates. Below the surface it is a preconcerted plan of the State and city leaders that has brought forth letters to the Governor from every county, hypocritically deploring the corruption of the illiterate vote, simply because their efforts successfully to purchase this vote have failed. But the immediate practical result of this proposal will be to nullify the power of the independent vote which has controlled elections for the past five years, permanently reseat the same old unscrupulous Ring, send Mr. Gorman to the United States Senate, and re-enact the disgraceful corruptions of the past without let or hindrance for the next quarter of a century.

The scheme is opposed by commercial organizations, by our Reform League, by almost the entire press, and is not favored even by the leading Democratic organ. The advocates of the movement are the same men who defeated the "Corrupt Practice Bill" at the last Legislature, which would have prevented their venality in the purchase of votes both educated

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and illiterate. Without the aid of the illiterate colored vote the Ring could never have been overthrown. This same vote has twice placed Maryland on record as opposing financial heresy and indorsing sound money. You may call it an ignorant vote from a literary standpoint, but it has possessed a most intelligent comprehension of the decalogue, and thousands of these people are the honest toilers and producers, who are not ignorant of that which makes for the well-being of society and the perpetuation of free institutions.

CHARLES H. TORSCH.

Baltimore, Md.

III.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I beg leave briefly to point out the objections to the proposed change in the election laws of Maryland.

First: A law such as you discuss would be in conflict with the Constitution of the State, which declares that "every male citizen of the United States of twenty-one years of age or upwards who has" resided in the State one year and in the county six months "shall be entitled to vote at all elections," etc. Any law which in terms said that any man who possessed the constitutional qualification to vote should not be permitted to do so would be unconstitutional. Any Act which sought to accomplish the same result by indirection would be morally still more indefensible and ought to be legally no more effective.

Second: Such a law as you discuss would disfranchise at least one-sixth of the existing voters of the State. That proportion return themselves on the registries as unable to read. Probably a considerably larger number do not read well enough or often enough to be able to vote such a ballot as you describe. Whether this large proportion of the electors shall be deprived of the suffrage has never been passed upon either directly or indirectly by the people of the State. No hint was given at the election of 1899, at which the present Legislature was chosen, that any such legislation was contemplated. It was not proposed at the regular session of the General Assembly held last year. It is not pretended that anything has happened since last year which in any degree changes the situation in the State then existing. Indeed, the reason which is now given for an extra session is that, the subject having been discussed, if the proposed change is not made by the present Legislature it can never be made at all. If the people get a chance to vote upon it, either directly or indirectly, at the legislative elections, its most active champions are those who most positively assert that it will certainly be defeated.

Third: Maryland is now one of the most doubtful States in the Union. A few thousand independent voters hold the balance of power in it, and it has consequently been better governed in the last five years than ever before in its history. There is nothing in the present condition of the State which calls for or can palliate, much less justify, what is in effect revolutionary legislation.

Whatever fair pretexts are put forward, the real end in view is to get rid of the absolutely fair election law. This law was drawn by the Baltimore Reform League, of which the late Mr. S. Teackle Wallis was President and founder. It was submitted to Legislature after Legislature for ten years, but was never enacted until 1896, after the defeat of the Gorman Democracy at the election of 1895.

In other words, Maryland, like Kentucky, is to be Goebelized.

Baltimore, Md. J. C. R.

IV.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The most serious aspect of this Southern movement is the temptation to keep the negro in ignorance if he is thereby kept from voting. A recent protest of Booker Washington's shows that the Georgia Legislature is already attempting to cut down the appropriation for negro education.

The provisions for the disfranchisement of the illiterate in most of the Southern States practically discriminate against the negro because they confer the franchise upon men who had the right to vote before the Civil War or whose parents had this right. Unless the Supreme Court seizes upon this particular discrimination and declares against these laws on this account, it will be necessary, in my belief, for the Federal Government eventually to take over the education of the negro. I quite realize the limitations of the race, and, while an optimist on most

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subjects, am inclined to pessimism on this. But we all know what education means for their morality and their happiness, and cannot, as a people, afford to countenance any institutions which will tend to keep them in ignorance.

Baltimore, Md. THEODORE MARBURG.

George Kennan and Jerry McAuley

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have read with an intense interest in your paper of February 2 an article entitled "Jerry McAuley's Prayer-Meeting," by George Kennan. Probably no living writer ever gave a more accurate, lifelike picture of Jerry's Mission than this one, and I was charmed till he had finished his magnificent and truthful story and began to try and explain away what he had written. We have no doubt all heard of the cow who gave a fine bucket of milk and then kicked it over. I will venture to say that no one, be he Christian, heathen, Turk, or Jew, could read Mr. Kennan's account of the happenings in the prayer-meeting and not recognize it as supernatural and say it is God. Why not recognize that the Heavenly Father has no favorites, and that Jesus Christ came to save the lost, and that whosoever comes to him is received despite his environment or whether any seeds were ever dropped in the soil of the human soul or not? Did any one ever inherit salvation except through Jesus Christ? Take Jerry McAuley as an example—the man who makes up this wonderful article. His father was transported for life as a criminal; his grandfather was a criminal; his mother and grandmother of the same class.

Take another notable case, Michael Dunn, a thief at eight years old, at twelve locked up in the same cell with his mother and aunt. His father died in prison and he served thirty-six years in prison, and was at last saved by the grace of God in the McAuley Mission, and at once went to work for poor convicts like himself. He opened three homes for discharged prisoners, and died at his post after many years of an honest, loving life spent for those who had been, like him, hopeless thieves.

I succeeded Jerry down here, and have spent fifteen years in this place. Am a convert here myself. Was saved instantly while suffering from delirium tremens, and have never had a desire from that moment to this for whisky; eighteen years, nine months, and twenty nights to-night. Oh no, my dear sirs, the poor sinner who has come down from a long line of criminals has an equal chance for the kingdom of heaven with the better-favored ones. "For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more" (Hebrews viii., 12).

S. H. HADLEY.

Farm-House Burning

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your current number you have an article on "Burning a Boer Farm-House," and a short time since you had an editorial, "This is Not War," on the same subject. You speak of it as if it was very unusual in *civilized* warfare. Do you remember that Sheridan boasted that "a crow would have to carry his rations" in flying over the fifty miles he burned in Virginia? Or that General Hunter even burned the house of his own cousin, in the same State? Two instances came under the writer's own observation. The Hon. Jacob Thompson's dwelling was burned by order of Federal officers. The owners had fifteen minutes' notice to get out, and were not allowed to carry out the furniture. The silver was stolen by the soldiers. Mrs. Thompson's daughter-in-law, with her child, two weeks old, was carried out by the negroes, lying in the bed, as she could not rise. Three houses in northern Alabama, on the M. & C. R. R., were burned by order of General Dodge, because the Confederates had destroyed the Town Creek bridge. The pianos and furniture were carried off to Huntsville, Alabama. I was not a regular reader of the New York papers between 1861–65, and do not remember seeing any articles condemning house-burning.

A CONFEDERATE PRIVATE.

[It is admitted on all sides that destruction of the property of non-combatants *may* be justified by military necessity. If such necessity does not exist, the destruction is barbarous and contrary to the rules of civilized war, whether done in our Civil War or in the Boer war. Each case must be judged by the facts bearing on that case.—THE EDITORS.]

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My illustration was engraved from a photograph of a basket of pansies sent Mrs. McKinley, April 14, 1897.

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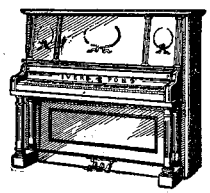

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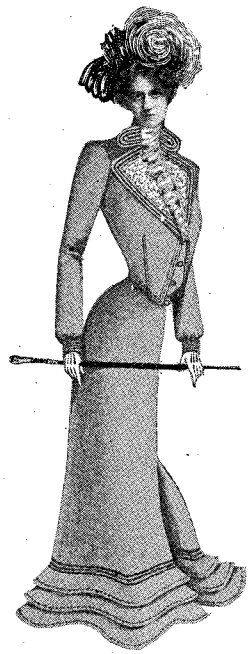

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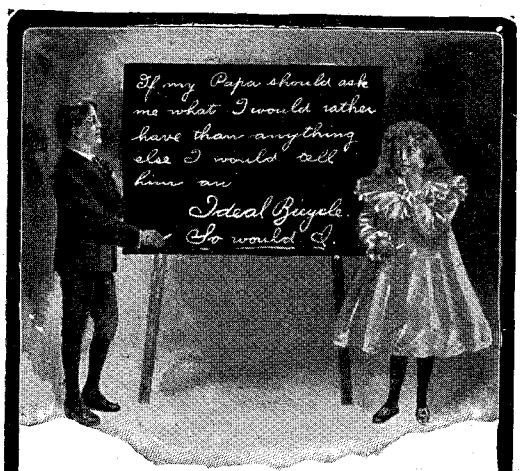

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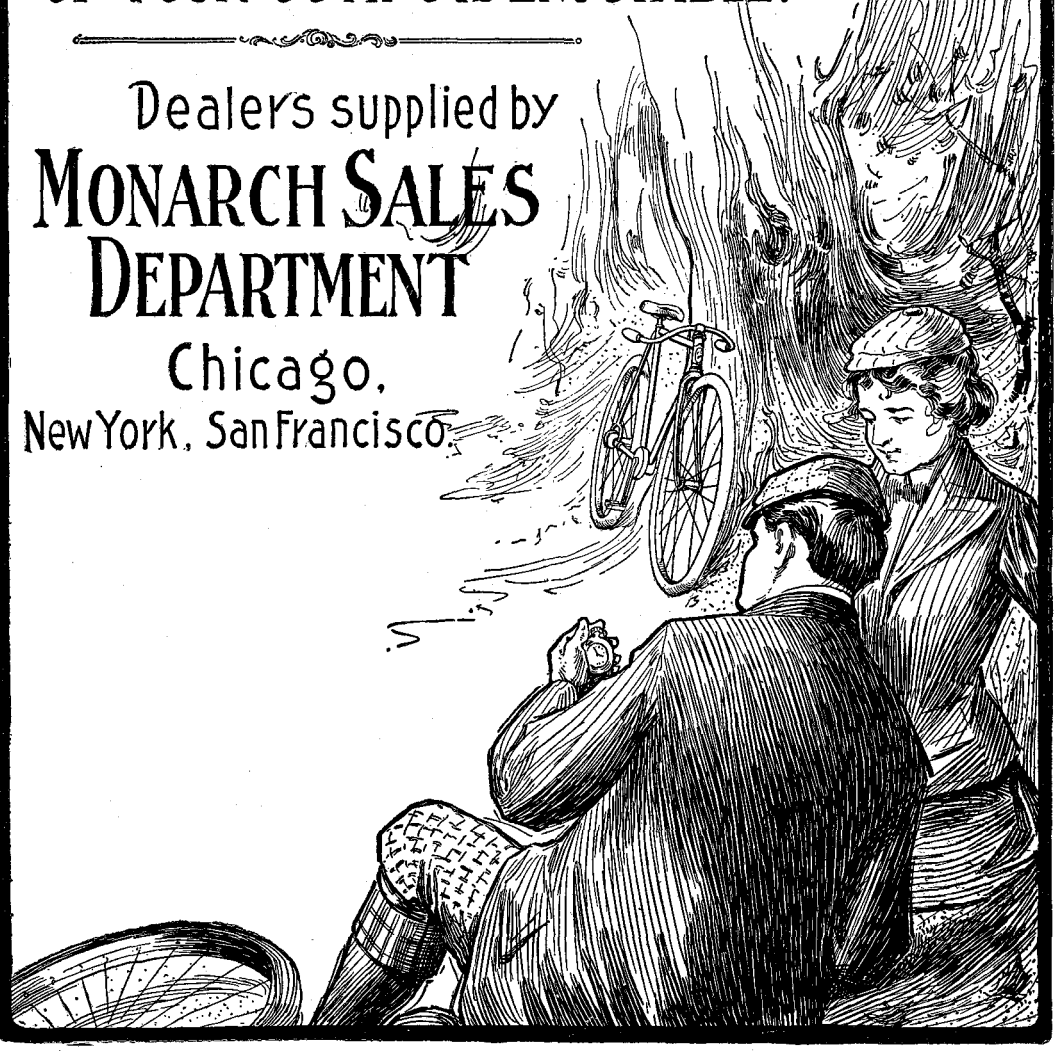

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